

JAMES WALLACE.

son ? and the consequent blessing of calling that son my dearest friend ? Shall I forget his last generous act, his giving £100 with me to Mr. Griffiths ?

And shall I offend your manly fortitude, if I ask, what now are become of my prospects ? By Mr. Griffith's death, a full stop is put to my proficiency in the law. I am thrown upon the world for bread, without trade, employment, or profession. Oh ! what a blessing were humility, could I but come at it : Yes, I could certainly black shoes, could I forget I was born in a higher situation.

Adieu. Thine,

JAMES WALLACE.



6 JAMES WALLACE.

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PARACELSUS HOLMAN,

T O

JAMES WALLACE.

*Allington, Jan. 24, 1787.*

I KNEW, dear Wallace, the cause of your secret wailings, of your open complainings; I knew it to be pride. Because you were born in an elevated idea, you think yourself intitled to possess not the necessaries for those a man so high or elevated may get, but the play-things of life; the rattles and toys for which grown boys and girls put finger in the eye; and call it sensibility.

I like to treat things philosophically, James Wallace; and, I say, nature created no other evil for man but pain; all things else, which we call evil, spring from — *improvement*.

Man



JAMES WALLACE. 7

Man wants food. Nature has given him a most accommodating appetite. Almost any thing is sufficient for its gratification; and he has *improved* it, till almost nothing will suffice.

Covering is a want of nature; and she has given us wool, and flax, and skins: But, merciful Heaven! into what a variety of fantastic forms must these be twined and twisted before the animal can be covered?

Not to be able to eat without formulas from cooks; not to defend ourselves from the winter's blasts, without formulas from milliners and taylorers; not to be able to love, without formulas from fools; these, James Wallace, these are the causes of nine-tenths, by a very accurate calculation, of those mighty evils for which we arraign Providence, and insult Heaven with clamour.

8 JAMES WALLACE.

Heaven has given you five senses, Wallace, and a finger and thumb; thank Heaven for these blessings, and do not despond, because you must use them.

Your pride of heart, James, is good, whilst it is the stimulus that moves you to laudable exertions; but when it becomes the stimulus of repining and discontent, no wise man will shelter it an hour.

A thousand times you have abused me for singularity of thinking. Abuse me still. I will be satisfied with being in the right; enjoy you the bliss of being in the fashion. But how it comes to pass, that of two men, nearly of the same age, and with nearly the same education, one, when any new subject of contemplation is offered, starts into opposition; the other creeps into acquiescence: I, who deal in physics, and love the light of the sun, leave to the gentlemen traders in metaphysics, who are enamoured of the rays of the moon.



JAMES WALLACE. 9

moon. I know I am an odd dog, James ;  
how should it be otherwise, when I suspect  
myself to be the only man in England,  
always in the right.

PARACELsus HOLMAN.

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JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELsus HOLMAN.

*February 1, 1788.*

**T**HAT you are singular enough,  
both in head and heart, I know.  
The qualities of the one excite my ad-  
miration ; of the other, my affection.  
But that you are always in the right.—  
Excuse me if my ideas do not creep into  
acquiescence with that proposition so spee-  
dily as they ought. I own I do not ad-  
mire *all* your excentricities ; but you are  
as you are, and the compound is dear to  
me.

B 5

I have been longer in answering your last, because my time has been taken up in settling myself with Mr. Davis, of Cautherly, an attorney, who is likely to succeed to most of Mr. Griffith's business, and who agreed to take me clerk, provided I would serve him four years, in order to compensate the want of premium by time.

Mrs. Davis is one of the most amiable of women. I should be happy, did I not begin to perceive some imperfections in my master, which may in time create me uneasiness. They have been married three years, and have no children.

Amuse yourself, my friend, with railing at the world and me. It is not now in the power of language to draw a single individual from a folly begotten of vanity and fashion. An elderly gentleman of this village told me pleasantly, on observing my buckles, which are only eight inches by six, that he remembered the  
time

JAMES WALLACE. 11

time when all mouths were ready to give a coxcomb his proper name : So they do still ; but what was coxcomatry then is fashion now. You, Paracelsus Holman, you who despise the external changes and chances of this mortal microcosm, man, you are the coxcomb now.

Dear Holman, adieu. I want time to say foolish things. My master does me the favour to keep me well employed. My lucubrations, if I now make any, must smell of the midnight lamp.

JAMES WALLACE.

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PARACELSUS HOLMAN,

T O

JAMES WALLACE.

*Allington, February 20, 1787.*

**T**HOUGH both of us did some degree of violence to our several  
B 6                      inclinations,



inclinations, in order to acquire more general knowledge, yet it was early perceptible that your strongest bias lay to Horace and Locke; mine to Newton and Macquer. Why? is the question. In an hour of good-humour I proposed it to my Father; who, with all the pompous eloquence you have been forced to laugh at, in spite of your grating delicacy, told me, he had long been of opinion there were affinities in blood, as well as in acids and alkalies.

It appears from his theory, that the distilling and subliming propensities which have distinguished our family for several generations, may be fairly deduced from the great Roger Bacon, who lived through the greater part of the 13th century. Roger, indeed, was a monk, and consequently could have no legitimate children; but his sister's grand-daughter's great grand-daughter being an only child, was married to Praiseworthy Holman, a colonel of Oliver Cromwell; and, as a  
proof

proof of my Father's system, the eldest son of this marriage was the first of our family, who knew the essential difference between sweet and sour; which did not, according to his solution, consist in sweetness and sourness, but in the figure and form of the elementary particles of sugar and vinegar, the first being round balls, and the second needles.

This son, in spite of his name of Oliver given him, no doubt, to incite him to walk in the way of the Lord, and Oliver Cromwell lost his paternal, and took his maternal affinities. By him was built the first rudiments of our elaboratory, in which you have been so often smoked like a flitch of bacon. He left behind him above a thousand acres of solid earth, which would not dissolve in water; but the skill and perseverance of his successors have discovered menstrua, which have compleatly dissolved all but about four-score.

To this demefne, and to the bufinefs of an apothecary, which had been called in to its affiftance, my Father fucceeded; and that the peculiar zeal of the family was not diminished in his hands, my Chriftian name of Paracelfus, was given me out of pure veneration for that great phyfician and chemift, is an unfortunate witnefs.

Three years abfence cannot have made you forget how my Father and Mother lived with one another, and with me. My Mother's eternal topics are ftill religion, and fafhion, and myfelf. Regarding the firft, you know fhe is as determinedly orthodox as Dr. Horsley, or any other Archdeacon, Dean, or Bifhop; nor can this, or any other reverend gentleman, well maintain the caufe with greater virulence, and more profefled contempt of the adverfary. Indeed, I have often feen my Mother defpife my Father and his lefs orthodox opinions to fuch a degree, that fhe has fhook all over like an afpin, and  
the



the holy inflammation has blazed upon her cheek.

As to fashion, it is an incontrovertible maxim with my Mother, that every body ought to do as every body does ; and, having read in fundry novel books, that singularity is a mark of something wrong, she proves my Father wrong every day of his life. The maxim, indeed, is most admirably shallow ; but my Mother is perfect sure of it, and it signifies nothing for to go about for to make her think otherwise.

But far the most fruitful theme of contention is my unfortunate self. Almost the only thing my Father and Mother agreed in, was the bringing me up a gentleman ; but they differed, *toto cælo*, in the mode of doing it. My Mother's idea was that a gentleman always shewed himself such by his outside ; my Father's was exactly the reverse. In short, they disputed the matter till they came to have a hearty hatred

hatred to the subject of contention; so that of late I have experienced very little of the parental storge. This is the harder, because I have powdered to please my Mother, and fed my Father's furnaces with unceasing assiduity.

I am now hardened. My Father honours me with the name of blockhead upon all occasions; my Mother with the appellation of gawky. My Father batters me because I am too white; my Mother cuffs me because I am too black. They agree that I always want correction, but never in the why?

In the mean time, I am entertained with the demonstration and refutation of all sorts of sublunary opinions; and have been taught what truth is, till I incline to think that truth is not. In short, I begin to suspect that there may be about three hundred propositions, such as two and two makes four, that are respectable enough, and deserve consideration; and  
about

JAMES WALLACE. 17

about three millions that a man may laugh at, without fearing a process issuing from the court of common sense ; though I will not answer for other courts, especially courts ecclesiastic. Farewell, James Wallace; laugh as much as thou wilt, but not at

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

P. S. Jack Green, of Stoke, was married to Polly Gowring a few days since : I was Father to the bride, and we had a jolly day. Having seen the marriage registered, I had a mind to know my own age, which from Pa and Ma's treatment I could not rate at more than fifteen; but from other causes I guessed might be a score or more. I found that I was christened twenty-three years since, five months and three days. Whilst this was swimming in my head an occurrence happened, which, for my Father's credit, I shall not relate; but a cause arose out of it, which obliged me to thrash him copiously.



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ously. Not that I want filial piety,  
James Wallace ; but I have an odd way  
of doing always what is proper and right.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

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JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

*Cautberley, Feb. 25, 1787.*

**T**HE body of your last letter, Holman, inspired me with pity for my friend's situation ; but the postscript filled me with horror and disgust. I speak plain ; I could not prevail upon myself to answer it. Beat a Father ! What can be the provocation that could justify this ? It is breaking the first great tie of nature ; it is introducing confusion into society. Holman, you are my early, dear, and only friend ; but the only solid bond of friendship is *Virtue*.

JAMES WALLACE.

*James Wallace* 19 -  
JAMES WALLACE. 19

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PARACELSUS HOLMAN,

T O

JAMES WALLACE.

*Allington, March 1, 1787.*

I CAN be fullen as well as you, Wallace, but not so long. In placability I am your superior: Not that I admire your high tone, or think any friendship worth preserving, which cannot be preserved without the sacrifice of my senses; without viewing things in false lights; calling things by false names; and suffering prejudice to stop up the road to truth.

The deed that I have done to be sure is not common; neither is it so singular as to make your worship's skin wrinkle up. By Heaven! James Wallace, I beat him virtuously, for the instincts of nature are all virtuous, Do you think I would have

have taken the trouble of it, from the paltry principles of anger or revenge?

- Last year we had a field of clover spoiled by wet. The cattle refused it in the depth of winter. My Father, who goes to the bottom of every thing and sometimes lower, determined that this injury could be done no otherwise, than by the rain having washed out all its salts: But could not these salts be restored? What was salt? The marine acid united with an earth. Now of earth, the clover had enough, for it had little else: It wanted then only the marine acid to be reunited to it, to be as good as ever. But how to unite it? Evidently by diffusion.

The mode cost my Father a long winter night's profound thought. Having compleated it to his entire satisfaction, he rose early in the morning, and got together as many of the village labourers as he could, together with the mason.

The



The first thing done was to take down the two brewing coppers, and place them, filled with salt, upon temporary furnaces, by the side of the damaged stack, of which the labourers were to form a new one, as fast as the portions of the old could be impregnated with the spirit of salt. By an accident, the blame of which my Father threw upon the mason, and the mason upon my Father, the fire of the furnaces caught the stack, and reduced it to ashes, in which there was no harm; but adjoining to it was a stack of good old hay, which shared the same fate.

I had no hand in this celebrated performance, for it was the day of the wedding mentioned in my last, from whence I did not return till eleven at night, half-seas over. My Father alone sat up, I believe, to tell me the misfortune his own way, and for another purpose, which will appear presently. I own I did not put on so melancholy a cast of countenance, as the solemn pomp  
of

of sadness of my Father's tale seemed to demand. I even cut jokes, God and James Wallace forgive me, which, I doubt, did not sufficiently respect my Father's profound knowledge in Chemistry. He became angry, and, in the most peremptory terms demanded if I would comply with a proposal he had often made, to sell forty acres of land to raise money to pay his debts? For whom, decreasing business, and an uneconomical household, had produced the usual effects.

I refused, as I had always done, to sign my Mother's ruin and my own. All the obloquy my Father's language would supply was poured upon me, with so much extravagance and so little truth, that it never once made me angry. My Father lost all his own patience in seeing the extent of mine. He caught up his walking-stick, and aimed a lusty blow full upon the crown of my head. I broke its force with my own. He endeavoured

to

to repeat it : I seized the stick, and snapped it short in two. My Father's rage increased to frenzy. An old sword hung in the adjoining closet ; he seized it, and ran full at me. A dutiful child, like James Wallace, would have thought it incumbent upon his filial piety to have received it quietly in his gate : But consider, James, my head was full of Lancashire ale, and the parish register. I slipped aside, and my Father thrust the sword thro' the wainscot instead of my body. I do assure you, Wallace, I believe there was no expedient at that time in my power but securing him, which could have reduced his frenzy, and prevented mischief : I secured him therefore virtuously and vigorously, and afterwards put him to bed. He himself acknowledged the justness of it next morning, and having since joined him in a bond of £ 200, we have been upon better terms than I ever before remember. It has had a wonderful effect also upon my Mother, who now begins to consider me as a man; though I believe her



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her melioration has been full as much affected by my declaring the next morning at breakfast my resolution to leave Allington, and seek my fortune. This brought them both to a due sense of my merits; for it appears probable to my Father, and clear to myself, that he would have little to pay the druggist, if I did not visit the patient. His medicinal consequence is, indeed, reduced to a low ebb.

I hope now, Mr. Wallace, you will have the goodness to restore me to my former state in your honourable favour. If not—I will beat thee into friendship the first opportunity.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

JAMES

JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

*Cautberley, March 10, 1787.*

WITH submission to your manhood, my dear Holman, had you ran away that night, and declared your resolution next day, you would have saved the reproaches, I am sure, your good heart must have made you, and saved me also the necessity of deploring your error; but let it, with all its merits, be buried in oblivion. Since your Father has forgiven you, I forgive you also; more especially, as I am at this present an unfortunate victim of my own passion, which happened to be exerted your way, though upon a very different object.

I happened to be present at a cricket-match, when a dispute arose between the

Vol. I. C son

son of Sir William Saxby and a Mr. Gamidge: I was appealed to, as being nearest the spot where the cause of contention arose. I decided for Gamidge, and my reasons seemed satisfactory to all but Mr. Saxby. He was the son of a Baronet, and thought his dignity insulted. I was surprised to hear myself saluted by the names of *terræ filius*, bastard, nobody's whelp. I did not know that I had been an object of curiosity to any body in the neighbourhood, or that any one had condescended to notice so insignificant a subject. — I have since learned that it arose from the overflow of Mr. Davis's self-complaisance at Sir William's, where he sometimes took occasion to praise his own benevolence, in taking into his service a wretch whom nobody owned, and who was destitute of all worldly aid.

Not being sufficiently humble to bear these polite appellations, I answered with more pride than prudence, that I had rather  
be



be nobody's son than a Baronet's, with an ignorant head, and a heart of malice. This retort Mr. Saxby paid me for with a slap on the face; and so I beat him. He went home full of indignation, and so much the more, as his part had not been taken by any one of the spectators.

The young gentleman laid his complaints before his Lady-mother, who entered deeply into her child's resentment. A messenger was dispatched for Mr. Davis, who was a long time at a loss to understand the meaning and scope of Lady Saxby's rapid elocution. When it was tolerably explained, Mr. Davis, with humble submission, protested that nothing so calamitous could possibly befall him, as to be instrumental, either in himself, or by any of his household, to the giving offence to Sir William or Lady Saxby, for whom he had the most consummate gratitude, respect and veneration.

If you are willing to oblige us, said Lady Saxby, you must discharge that odious wretch that dared to insult my son, the heir and support of two antient houses. Yes, you must, indeed, says Sir William.

Certainly — answered the complaisant Mr. Davis — there is not any thing I would not do to oblige my best benefactors; but the young man is articted. I doubt I have not power to dismiss him; and it would be a great loss, for I must needs say the young man is sober and diligent.

Mr. Davis, says Lady Saxby, you might as well tell me nothing; I know better. A pretty country we live in, if it won't protect people of fashion from being affronted by charity boys: But I know better; he must be sent a packing, and he shall be sent a packing, if it costs me a thousand pounds.

So he shall, my Lady, says Sir William.  
With

With humble submission, answers Mr. Davis, would not it be better to bring an action of assault and battery; and, as he has no money to defend it, he must submit himself to your Ladyship's good will and pleasure.

Let it be done instantly, says my Lady; but then we must prove that he struck the first blow.

So he did, says Master Saxby; I only just touched him upon the cheek, and he fell upon me with his griped fists like any thing.

Poor dear! says my Lady.

With humble submission, says Mr. Davis, if he would come and ask Master Saxby pardon, I hope Master would forgive him: I presume it would be the most mortifying step that could be taken, and would humble him to the dirt, for the young man has a great deal of pride;



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beside, he might beg pardon in the newspapers.

But then he shall ask pardon upon his bare knees, says Master Saxby.

So he shall, my dear, adds my Lady.

Yes, adds Sir William, that is a *sine qua non*, Mr. Davis ; a *sine qua non*. If he refuses, I do insist upon his discharge at all events, and I'll pay all damages.

You may charge him in your bill, Mr. Davis, says my Lady ; Sir William never disputes his lawyer's bill.

You shall stay dinner, Davis ; after dinner you shall send for the puppy up, and we'll finish it all this evening.

Mr. Davis made many acknowledgements of the infinite goodness of his kind patrons ; and, having dined, a footman was dispatched with a note from my master

JAMES WALLACE. 3<sup>r</sup>  
to order my immediate attendance. The  
consequence in my next.

Adieu,

JAMES WALLACE.

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PARACELSUS HOLMAN,

T O

JAMES WALLACE.

*Allington, March 20, 1787.*

**T**HIS is a very awful business,  
James Wallace, this beating the  
son of a Baronet. It is breaking the first  
great tie of subordination, and introducing  
confusion among the ranks of society.  
You will be made sensible of this, no  
doubt, at the Hall, and brought back to  
your character of easy compliance. I  
tremble with impatience, Wallace. If  
thou hast bowed down to these strange  
gods, thou art an idolater, unworthy of  
the land of liberty, unworthy the friend-  
ship of

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

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JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

*Caunterley, March 30, 1787.*

I WOULD not for the world dispute your apothecarial consequence, nor doubt I, the girls of Allington are ready to supersede your Father in your favour ; but I incline to believe, in your progress to this degree of consequence, you have been but little acquainted with gilded palaces and regal domes. When I have imparted to you the honours with which I have been received, I shall expect an increase of reverence.

I was led immediately into the grand saloon. At the upper end, in easy chairs covered with damask, sat Sir William and Lady Saxby, who had done me the honour



honour to dress for the occasion. Between them sat the cause of all this dignity, the son and heir. On each side were ranged, standing, the portly and well-dressed personages, the housekeeper, the major domo, the Lady's maid, the knights, gentleman, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Davis received me at the door. I made a most humble reverence, and received--no, not a nod. I cast my eye fearfully around upon the paintings of Titian for aught I know; upon Corinthian pillars; upon marble slabs. My senses were almost lost in this whirl of magnificent ideas, and you will not wonder that, impressed at once with awe, admiration and respect, I should slide directly into my habit of easy compliance, and worship strange gods.

When my master observed that the grandeur and solemnity of the scene had made its due impression, he began his oration, with proper gravity, thus: "Mr. Wallace, I am equally sorry, astonished and surprized, that a young, very young,

man as you are, of an obscure birth, without fortune, friends, or any thing on your side but rashness, should forget himself to such an amazing degree, as to consider himself as upon a level, upon an equality, with the son, the only son, and heir of Sir William and Lady Saxby, and the destined support of two antient and honourable houses.—And not only this, but to dare to insult and assault, batter and maim, the said son and heir as aforesaid. — This is the most atrocious enormity that has been committed in this county in my memory, and, I must say, deserves signal and condign punishment! But, by the great goodness of Sir William and Lady Saxby, and the kind indulgence of their worthy heir, all corporal pains and penalties, all fines and mulcts, are remitted you on the mild and lenient condition of your asking pardon on your bare knee of the gentleman so grossly insulted, and that you publish it in the news-papers. This, I believe, you will think a mild punishment for so enormous

mous an offence, and bow down with gratitude for so conspicuous a favour."

You will not wonder, dear Holman, that so eloquent a speech should compleat the ruin of my poor fortitude, and that I should answer with creeping acquiescence, thus.

I humbly presume, Mr. Davis, that you have mistaken the person to whom your oration was to be addressed. I conceive myself the person injured, and had not the least doubt but I was sent for hither to receive the reparation due to a gentleman.

A gentleman! cried Lady Saxby: a gentleman! echoed Sir William.

Whether that distinction be allowed me or not, I presumed the good sense of Sir William and Lady Saxby would have seen the propriety of giving Master Saxby a very different lesson, than one that seems cal-



culated only to increase that combination of inscience and meanness which has produced the present disturbance.

Did you ever hear such arrogance? says Lady Saxby to the Baronet.—Never, my Lady, replies Sir William.

Is it possible, says Mr. Davis, that you should dare to persist in such behaviour, before the very faces of Sir William and my Lady?

I know, replied I, the respect I owe Sir William and Lady Saxby, and I hope they will permit me to pay it: But I must take the liberty to repeat, that you have directed your remonstrance to the wrong person; that I am the person injured, and to me is due, whatsoever reparation is due.

You! you! says my master, reparation to you! God give me patience! What will become of you, Wallace?  
With

With such an astonishing degree of effrontery, who will dare to receive you into their houses?

“ I am not conscious, Sir, of any impropriety of behaviour.”

No, Sir! I suppose you were not conscious of impropriety, when you laid violent hands this morning upon Mr. Saxby.

“ I was not. — Mr. Saxby called me opprobrious names. Mr. Saxby struck me — without provocation struck me. Will an Englishman, unrepented, bear a blow? Could you yourself, Mr. Davis, bear a blow? Or bear the man who could? No, Sir! you could not be so abject.”

Sir! Sir! says my master, in visible agitation — your pride, Sir! — your presumption! — “ Are both too great to submit to receive a blow, even from the Prince of Wales.”

Mr.

Mr. Davis, says Lady Saxby, rising, I cannot bear the arrogance of this young man; nor I, indeed, says Sir William. Both these personages walked to the bottom of the saloon with great dignity of step, followed by Master Saxby. It is absolutely insufferable, says Lady Saxby, as she passed out. Absolutely, says Sir William.

It is, indeed, unpardonable, says Davis, bowing low as they went out.

"We leave him to the law's correction, Mr. Davis."

"I shall take the proper steps, my Lady."

After the leaders, the household-troops, who had come to be witnesses of my *amende honorable*, withdrew, keeping a strict silence; but regarding me with looks, I thought, of approbation.—Mr. Davis and I were now alone, and the man seemed really terrified. I imagine now,  
Sir,



Sir, says I, I may go home. This business is over.

“ Over, Sir ! No, by G—d, Sir ! nor hardly begun. A pretty piece of work you have made of it. — Damn the hour that ever I saw your face. But hark ye, Sir, which shall you like best ? the life of a foot-soldier, Mr. James Wallace, or a jail, Mr. James Wallace, or a public whipping ?”

“ Not any of them, Sir.”

“ Some of them shall be at your service, take my word for it.”

“ I equally despise your airs, your servility, and your menaces.” — “ By G—d, Sir, I’ll kick you out of the house,” and he came towards me as if he designed it.

Anger is madness, dear Holman, and I was now mad. I seized Mr. Davis by  
the

the collar with both hands, and gave him no gentle shake. Offer me such an insult, says I, and I will shake your servile soul out of its body.

Mr. Davis roared murder with great courage. In rushed the young gentleman ; take notice, says Davis ; I am assaulted in your house. I'll trounce you, Wallace : It is true, sue a beggar, and catch a louse ; but there are corporal pains and penalties.

He shall be dragged through the horse-pond, says Master Saxby, and away he went. I followed, and took the foot-path home. The distance is about half a mile. I had gone about a quarter, when I heard half a dozen people after me, and young Saxby swearing I should not escape : But I had expected indignity, and was armed for it ; for I had taken the precaution to put in my pocket a pair of small pistols, with which my  
master

maister sometimes armed me when we went out together to pay or receive money.

I turned about, therefore, stopped, and presented one of these to the foremost man. The first man that touches me, says I, I will shoot dead upon the spot ; and I should have done it, for I had not time to examine whether it was better one man should die, or another be dragged through a horse-pond.

They stopped, and, indeed, none of them seemed forward to execute Mr. Saxby's intention. I stepped towards this valiant leader, who was far in the rear. If you are a gentleman, said I, here are two pistols, take your choice.

I spoke my last words to the winds. Saxby was gone off at full speed.

Damme, Jack, says one of the stable-lads to a groom ; dost see haw lawyer has puthered young maister's pluck.—They  
all



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all pulled off their hats, and wished me a good night. It is probable you also will wish repose

Good night,

JAMES WALLACE.

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JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

*April 14, 1787.*

I WENT home, and supped with Mrs. Davis, to whom I was under the necessity of repeating what passed at the Hall, glossing over, however, as much as possible the part Mr Davis had taken in it. Tears fell from her eyes, but she said little. Before the hour of rest a messenger came from the Hall, to let Mrs. Davis know Mr. Davis staid all night, and that he would be at home for breakfast. She immediately wished me a good night,

*James Wallace*

JAMES WALLACE. 43

night, and retired. This amiable woman is four months gone in her pregnancy.

I passed the night in an unsuccessful endeavour to penetrate into the motives for human actions, especially my own. To hit a man a slap upon the face, to touch his backside with your foot, why these are actions of no consequence in their own nature ; they leave no wound behind them, no trace that they have existed. " If a man smite thee on one cheek, turn him the other also " Divine precept ! why cannot an Englishman obey thee ? I find it is in vain to reason, I can only feel. I rose early, and finished an engrossment. At ten, an hour later than usual, I was called to breakfast. Mrs. Davis was in the parlour alone ; her eyes shewed she had been weeping : I enquired the cause. Mr. Wallace, says she, you are the cause. Instead of coming, Mr. Davis writes me word, he will not return to his house whilst you are in it, and has ordered me to propose to you, cancelling the contract on both sides.

" I

"I know not why I should submit to it, Madam."

"I fear there is a necessity for it. The foolish and vindictive tempers of Sir William and Lady Saxby are well known; but their business is lucrative. Mr. Davis writes, he has no other alternative but to part with this, or you. I, indeed, shall have reason to lament. You have, humanely and essentially, taken my part, on occasions, and they have occurred too often, when Mr. Davis has been disposed to repay himself for servility abroad by despotism at home. Accept my thanks and good wishes wherever you go."

"And wherever I go, Madam, I shall sincerely pray for your felicity; but I own, I am not disposed to yield obedience in this particular to Mr. Davis's commands. There is a disagreeable tameness in it, Madam; an appearance of disgrace, to which I cannot reconcile myself."



“ I am mistaken if the disgrace do not fall upon us : But what good can result from a contest ? You know these affairs are much under the jurisdiction of justices of the peace ; and these gentlemen have complaisance sometimes, especially to rich and titled neighbours.”

“ I am so perfectly free of apprehension, Madam, that ——.” —— “ I am very well convinced \* that you have cause to be so, Mr. Wallace ; but suppose the result to be in your favour — what is the consequence ? Mr. Davis loses Sir William’s business, and his interest ; and neither you nor I shall ever know an hour of peace and comfort more.”

“ How can Mr. Davis’s displeasure fall upon you, Madam ? Be passive, and take no part.”

“ An ingenuous mind, Mr. Wallace, will find it too difficult a task always to disguise

disguise its bias ; even silence will be interpreted against me. There will be suspicions ; there have been suspicions. Once since Mr. Davis has known that —. A sweet modest cast of her eye down towards her waist, shewed me she alluded to her pregnancy : She could not pursue it, however, but stopt, and burst into tears. I wished to say something expressive of my surprize, my indignation and sorrow, but found myself—a woman.”

At length—once, resumed she, in an hour of ill humour, Mr. Davis went the length of taxing me with an improper connexion with you, Mr. Wallace. Think how this odious suspicion may be increased, if you persist in staying contrary to Mr. Davis’s will.

I yield myself wholly to your direction, replied I, as well as I was able. I acknowledge your goodness always ; your honour and happiness ought to be dear to me.

In an hour's time, dear Holman, I quitted the house of Mr. Davis, and went with all my worldly goods to the sign of the Harrow, where I found an accommodation, coarse indeed, but cheap, wholesome, and plentiful. In the afternoon several farmers came in to shake me by the hand, and to wish they durst invite me to their own houses ; but, being Sir William's tenants, and tenants at will, it would have been imprudent in them to have offered, and unkind in me to have accepted.

As a reward for all this worldly imprudence, of which I have been guilty, I enjoy at present gloomy days, sleepless nights, and the satisfaction of knowing that I have acted like a man of spirit ; and, though the world is to me in ruins, I cannot repent. — Adieu,

JAMES WALLACE.

PARACELSUS



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PARACELsus HOLMAN,

TO

JAMES WALLACE.

*Allington, May 20, 1787.*

**W**ALLACE, you are my friend for ever. A man that could act as you have done, can have no meanness of soul—no treachery—nothing a friend ought to fear.

Repent! May bread and water and thy rectitude of spirit, be my lot, rather than the servile spirit of thy master and a dukedom. You are mine, Wallace—not woman shall ravish you from me. Our servile county will be in arms, and, I fear, there is not public spirit enough amongst the lawyers to give you employment, at the hazard of offending one lord of acres. No matter—you shall leave the county then—and I will leave it with you

you. Courage, Wallace ! such talents united need not fear. " Bread we shall eat, or white or brown." Give me self-approbation, and Spartan broth ; and let the devil and Davis take turtle and self-contempt.

Against my project of accompanying you, of sharing your fortunes, and making you share mine, say not a word ; I am deaf : The peace of our house is broke to shivers ; my Father and my Father's house are odious to me. A truce with philosophy and your piety, James Wallace ; you tried their strength against feeling upon yourself, and what was the result ?

Wallace ! I can be a journeyman any where ; I will be a slave to none. Allington has nothing agreeable at present, nothing promising in future. I will be with you in three days,

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

50 JAMES WALLACE.

P. S. The inclosed little bill is my *own* money: I don't want it, you do. If you dare to insult me with scruples — what are you but a traitor to friendship? — whom I will beat without any scruple.

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JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

*May 30, 1787.*

**T**HIS letter, my dearest friend, I send by a special messenger, to stop you from your design of coming immediately hither, and to engage you to weigh well your reasons before you take the rash resolution of leaving your Father's house. Indulge me with the knowledge of them, dear Holman; let us canvas, let us sift them, like friends, like philosophers.

I



JAMES WALLACE. 51

I shall enter upon the task with prejudices against the cause I undertake ; for never did I experience such pleasing sensations as from the receipt of your letter ; never could I have wished for any thing with a greater longing of desire, than that the scheme you hinted at, was as expedient on your side as on mine. Something has happened, however, which will give us time for discussion ; but I cannot detain the messenger now to relate it.—Your dear and friendly inclosure I will not return ; I may want it, and don't chuse to be beat.

JAMES WALLACE.

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*Borfield, June 9, 1787.*

**I** NOW proceed, dear Holman, with my narration. I wrote to sixteen attornies in this county of Lancashire, explaining my situation, and desire of employment. From some of the mightiest I had no answer ; I suppose, because they

are proud. Some do not want ; some do not care to employ me without recommendation ; and some are candid enough to tell the truth, that they do not chuse to risque the loss of business, by taking part with a stranger whom they do not know.—My resolution was already taken, to try my fortune at London, when I received the following :

Mr. WALLACE,

S I R,

ONE good turn deserves another. Don't you think so ? They say its along o'me that you be thrown out of bread : If so—you see it stands upon my honour to do something for you ; for when a man has saved another, whereby he has hurt himself, t'other is bound in conscience to save him, if so be it lies in his way ; don't you think so ? Father has just qualified for justice o'the peace, and wants a bit of a clerk ; so I told him of you, and he's agreeable in case you can bargain :

JAMES WALLACE. 53

gain : So if you like it, come o'er and talk with him.

Yours, to serve

THOMAS GAMIDGE, jun.

I obeyed the summons without loss of time. My new friend received me with a hearty shake by the hand, and conducted me into the presence of the justice, his lady, and daughter.

So, says the justice, you are the young man who kicked up such a dust in the county?

I am sorry for it, answered I; it is certainly much ado about nothing.

Good! says the justice, so it is, so it is; it all comes from pride and vanity: I hate pride and vanity. What, though folks have a title.

Sensible people, says Madam Gamidge, are astonished to see how people with a

D 3

title



title forgets themselves, as if the man that got the money, that bought the title, was not a better man than they that have it for nothing; but every thing here in this world ungenerates. Prudent people gets fortunes, and children buy titles, and forgets their Fathers and Mothers.

I'm sure, says my friend Thomas, I should never forget you, Mother, if I was a duke, nor Father neither; how should I, seeing I've both your pictures to look at every day.

Nor I neither, says Miss; I've learned my duty better.

Well, well, says the justice, all this here is nothing at all to the purpose: I likes to stick to business. What wages do you expect?

I shall be glad, says I, to leave that to you; Sir.

well

Well, well, says he, we shall see how you behaves; and do you mind, keep account of perquisites, for then I knows how to make 'em up; for do you see, I have but just qualified, so as yet I ha'nt much justice business.

You will by this time, dear Holman, have concluded, that Mr. Gamidge was not a gentleman by birth, parentage, or education; and except the King's Majesty's Grace, of which Mr. Gamidge had not yet been made partaker, I know but one thing more whence gentility can be derived. Mr. Gamidge had been a very industrious and fortunate oil-man, who had entered into business with a small capital, but with a good stock of profitable ideas; and none of those adventitious ones of taste and science, which are so apt to draw an honest tradesman out of the right way. Mr. Gamidge never deviated one inch, till, having compleated £15,000, he found his fortune doubled all at once

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by the death of his eldest brother, a batchelor, and eminent dry-falter.

Nor had the education of Mrs. Gamidge been less useful : By merit alone she had arrived at the dignity of housekeeper to a wealthy citizen. Housekeepers of the present day are polished up as high as their ladies ; but the polishing mines were not discovered time enough for Mrs. Gamidge to reap the benefit.

Miss Gamidge is not extremely handsome, nor extremely elegant ; nor has she much of that nervous delicacy, the peculiar product and ornament of the present age : Yet she has had the advantage of a boarding-school three years ; and, mingling the elegant accomplishments acquired there with domestic manners, she forms a compound which my unskilful pen must not pretend to describe.

My worthy friend Mr. Thomas, the heir of this accomplished family, is about  
twenty-

twenty-six, and, till he left London, eight years since, had seen only the shop and the 'compting-house. Mere want of employment has forced him to the use of the gun ; but, as he says, he has been hard put to it for something to do, and next to the skittle-ground is his principal scene of action.

Acquisition of sentiment, such as it is, is the usual effect of acquisition of fortune. Mr. Gamidge, now so rich, began to imagine a pipe at his country-house might be smoaked with more dignity than at the club, where there were members almost as rich as himself. The heir began to damn trade, and sicken at the sight of oil. Miss, who had seen the trees in St. James's-Park, was ravished with the ideas of shady groves, and grotts, and bowers ; and Madam Gamidge thought the lady of a parish must be a very august and tremendous being.

This mansion, then upon sale with twelve hundred acres of land, put them in



possession of rural felicity and rural honours, except what the pride of Sir William Saxby, and a few more old families, chose to withhold, by keeping at a proper distance from such upstarts.

This failure, in politeness, as Madam Gamidge herself told me, was the very thing that first put it into her head to make Mr. Gamidge a justice of peace, and Sir William's fellow upon the bench; and, by a steady perseverance, had at length the satisfaction of seeing this reasonable desire fulfilled.

During the year of expectation, Mr. Gamidge had paid a close attention to justice Burn; but justice Burn split his head, and accelerated his gouty accessions. At length he perceived the law was a bottomless pit, and that there was a necessity for his having a clerk, who might know something more about it than himself. He had, indeed, made a ridiculous *faux pas* at first setting out, to which the  
good-

good-will of the more antient justices gave a due degree of celebrity.

Heaven, for my comfort, hath permitted that this mansion should contain a lumber-room, once called a library, and in which there is still a good collection of books, purchased with other furniture at a fair appraisement : Of this room I have taken possession untroubled and unenvied. Here, but for present and for future evils, I could be happy. The present are, that I am too often under the necessity of smoaking a pipe with the justice; too often of drinking a bottle with the heir, and too, too often, of attending Miss, with and without Mama in her little rural excursions. The future are — I know not what.

Dear Holman adieu,

JAMES WALLACE.

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PARACELSUS HOLMAN,

T O

JAMES WALLACE.

*Allington, June 16, 1787.*

I HATE a lye, even when politeness has sanctified it, otherwise I should inform you how extremely happy I am in your agreeable situation at Borfield; but the truth is, it does not please me. Let me ask you the great political and metaphysical question, so often asked and so little answered, *cui bono*? What will your clerkship with Mr. justice Gomidge do for you? What but waste your youth in idle trivialities, without increasing your knowledge or your fortune? unless you marry Missy, and insure yourself beef and a blister for life.

Now to my Father. Of late, since I have been unfortunate enough to question



a few of his conclusions, I have been excluded the laboratory, and obliged to conduct my solitary experiments anywhere, and any how I could. Something great and uncommon I knew was going on in this laboratory for our village-joiner, and our blacksmith had had several close conferences in it with my Father, and some chests had been delivered from Carrier's waggons. One morning my Father sent me to Liverpool, on an errand usually performed by the post. When I returned in the evening, I found my Father and Mother engaged in the big war of words, with greater animation and animosity too, than I had ever before seen them. My Mother's was, indeed, the most curious piece of oratory I had ever heard; and, I wish, dutifully, I was able to give it you unmutilated, and in its original dress; but you must be content with a little extract.

Who would have thought, Mr. Holman, says she, you could have been so blind,

blind, when the clear light of Heaven shines round about you, for to go for to offer to do a thing which belongs to God Almighty; but its always the way with darkened infidels, they ruins their poor families, and destroys their poor souls, without any remorse; but God has punished your wickedness, and I must have a share in the punishment, which is very hard; but I knows I shall be rewarded hereafter. As for you, Mr. Holman, its no matter what comes on you either in this world or the next; for to think of Heaven being for such hardened sinners, is to know nothing at all about God's infinite mercy. No—as the good Mr. Whitaker says in his book of sermons -- the breath of the Lord is a flaming sulphur, and it will blow upon you, and burn you with a fiery flame for ever and ever; a thousand million of years will be nothing!

Zounds! says my Father, and what is to be the punishment for a woman with  
an

an evil tongue, that always torments her husband, and backbites her neighbours?

Me! my tongue an evil tongue! Mr. Holman; I scorn your words, Mr. Holman; there is not a woman in Allington that keeps a better tongue within her teeth, though I say it that should not say it. My tongue, indeed! If it was to say all it knew, how would it be with you, Mr. Holman?

My Father did not appear to approve this last farcasm, as I conjectured from his grim-look, and his silence. For my part I had been totally neuter during the whole war, and toward the latter part of it had fallen into a serious reverie: From this I was roused by a sound box on the ear given me by my Mother: I don't well know for what—but I conjectured she had appealed to me to corroborate something she had asserted, and I had been so undutiful as not to hear her. My Father, glad, I suppose, to find the wind changed,



changed, did what he could to keep it in its present quarter, and fell upon me with a decent quantity of abuse; that I was a disobedient, head-strong wretch, void of the least spark of filial duty; that I was the plague and torment of their lives; that if it had pleased God I had died in my cradle, they should have been a happy couple, for all their dissensions were upon my account. In these, and similar sentiments, they were perfectly agreed, all which I bore like a philosopher; for I was sober, and full of filial piety, James Wallace, and did not care to take the trouble to beat them into good manners; on the contrary, I withdrew in silence from the storm, wondering what had raised it.

Mankind, as you know, Mr. Wallace, must be governed by force, or by flattery; and I think it an unfortunate circumstance for my Father—yes, and Mother too—that you will not permit them to be governed by the former of these modes, so congenial to the hearts of God's vicegerents

rents upon earth, that one would think it was of Divine origin, let wicked wigs say what they will. As to the other mode, it is not difficult to be sure ; but it would give me such an abominable habit of lying, I should very soon be unable to distinguish truth from falsehood.

I considered this matter a great part of the night, and having found myself unfit to reign, I wanted to know why I could not be a quiet subject, since my Father and Mother desired to rule only as all kings do ; but, like my friend James Wallace, I found, upon this head, I could not reason, I could only feel. I came to a resolution, however, and I imparted it the next morning at breakfast in words like these.

Since I have the misfortune not to be able to succeed in my endeavours to please you, I hope my design to leave Allington will meet with your approbation ? — A look of wonder was all the immediate reply.

At

At length my Father, collecting importance around his brow, said, young man, when did I emancipate you? When did I free you from the *potestatem patris*?

Never, answered I, never, a single instant of your life; but, I imagine, you will have no objection to emancipating the plague and torment of your lives.

Paracelsus, said my Father, you were always the greatest blockhead that ever man of science was plagued withal. With what unwearied diligence and application did I beat into your thick scull the little you know—and——.

I'm sure, says my Mother, you're the awkwardest young man of a gentleman as you ought to be, that ever I laid my eyes upon, and all my pains and instructions never signified nothing at all.

I allow it, says I, I am a blockhead, and have been long, and that all my  
Mother's



Mother's pains to make me a gentleman are lost; but, as it must be always a great trouble and mortification to have such a creature before your eyes, I choose to take the offensive object away.

Oho! Sir, says my Father, and I choose that you shall not. By the law of the twelve tables you are my property till you are legally *foris-familiated*.

By the law of England I am my own property at twenty-one, which, I believe, I was about three years ago.

No such thing, says my Mother, no such thing; sure I should know best that bore you: And if you was, what then? It's the foolishlest law that ever was heard of, and I never minds it; it's only fit for the ruination of young men.

Very true, my dear Mrs. Holman, says my Father; it is to that very circumstance we owe all the corruption of modern

dern manners : Instead of relaxing the antient paternal discipline, it ought to be enforced with more than Roman rigour.

I am sure, Father, says I, you have nothing to answer for to your conscience, for relaxing paternal discipline. If that's the *primum bonum* of education, I ought to have been a pattern to the age.

Yes, young man, so you might have been, so you would have been, if my cares had not been counteracted by your Mother ; who, after the manner of women, seeking to imbue your mind with trifles, rendered it incompetent to the great purposes of virtue and of science.

There now, says my Mother, the fault is sure to be laid upon my back ; as if I had taught him any thing but what was good. Who taught him his catechism I wonder, and made him read his Bible ? Not you, Mr. Holman ; you taught him nothing but outlandish heathenish things,  
and

JAMES WALLACE. 69

and gave him a heathenish Christian name, which to be sure was the silliest thing that ever was done by a wise man in this world.

There is no curse like the curse of ignorance, says my Father. The curse of knowledge, says my Mother, is a thousand times worse; and I wonder what yours is good for, but to plague people, and to spend your money. You know you never brings nothing to bear; you know you does not.

My Father and Mother now got seriously engaged, and that they might have a fair field of it, I withdrew unperceived: Then it was I wrote you my last letter, and in my next I may, perhaps, inform you of the physical cause of all this tumult and contention.

Adieu,

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

JAMES



JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

*Borfield, June 21, 1787.*

**I** OWN, dear Holman, your provocation is great, and your situation irksome; yet I shall rejoice, if I have been the instrument of your changing the resolution to leave your Father and Mother. To have borne the infirmities of these dear relations with patience and resignation, may one day give you a solid comfort: Nor is it ill for a young man to be sometimes crossed in his desires; sometimes to be the sport of contingencies; sometimes to be put to the exercise of the virtue of endurance, the most fortifying of all the virtues.

You ask, *cui bono*, my residence at justice Gamidge's. The advantages, my  
friend

friend, are manifold. First, it is a place of perquisites. In a month, a little month, I have touched the sum of three shillings and six-pence. Secondly, I learn, or ought to learn, a good deal of honesty and plain dealing; for the people of our household are addicted to speaking the simple truth with little art, and no embellishment. Thirdly, I learn (alas! it is a lesson of necessity) to restrain the headlong passions of youth. Fourthly, I learn my book.

One year, however, is the whole of the time I propose to dedicate to these indulgences: — Then — what then? If my country will give me bread and beer, I will love my country; if not, I will try to obtain these commodities in the new world.

To intrust you with a secret, which probably your own sagacity may have obtained, I suspect the law is not my forte.

In

72 JAMES WALLACE.

In spite of reflection, and of prudence, I trifle with Horace when I should be labouring with Coke; but if natural philosophy comes in my way, law is nothing, and poetry a shadow.—You will want an explanation of my divisions, especially of my third head: Time is preparing one for you, and when it comes to maturity, if the fruit is not sour, you shall taste it. In the interim, a continuation of your last will be acceptable to your

JAMES WALLACE.

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PARACELSUS HOLMAN,

T O

JAMES WALLACE.

*Allington, June 29, 1787.*

**Y**OUR lucubrations savour too much of the lamp, James Wallace, and in your legislative and moral prescriptions you have too much the air of an antient lacedemonian.



lacedemonian. Whip a boy well and much whilst he is a boy, that he may learn to bear it when he is a man, in case fortune should choose to inflict it: In other words, hang your son whilst he is young, lest he should one day come to the gallows.

My design of escaping I have laid aside for one year, in imitation of my friend, and for two good reasons; one is, that I have in vain attempted to convince my Father and Mother of its eligibility, every endeavour having only set them together by the ears; the other is, to fortify myself — by endurance.

It is a maxim with you that every effect must have a cause; so it was once with me, but I have no maxims now, since I find they are born and die like other created beings. That two bodies could not be in one and the same place, I once thought immortal; but I find its existence has been put to hazard by the

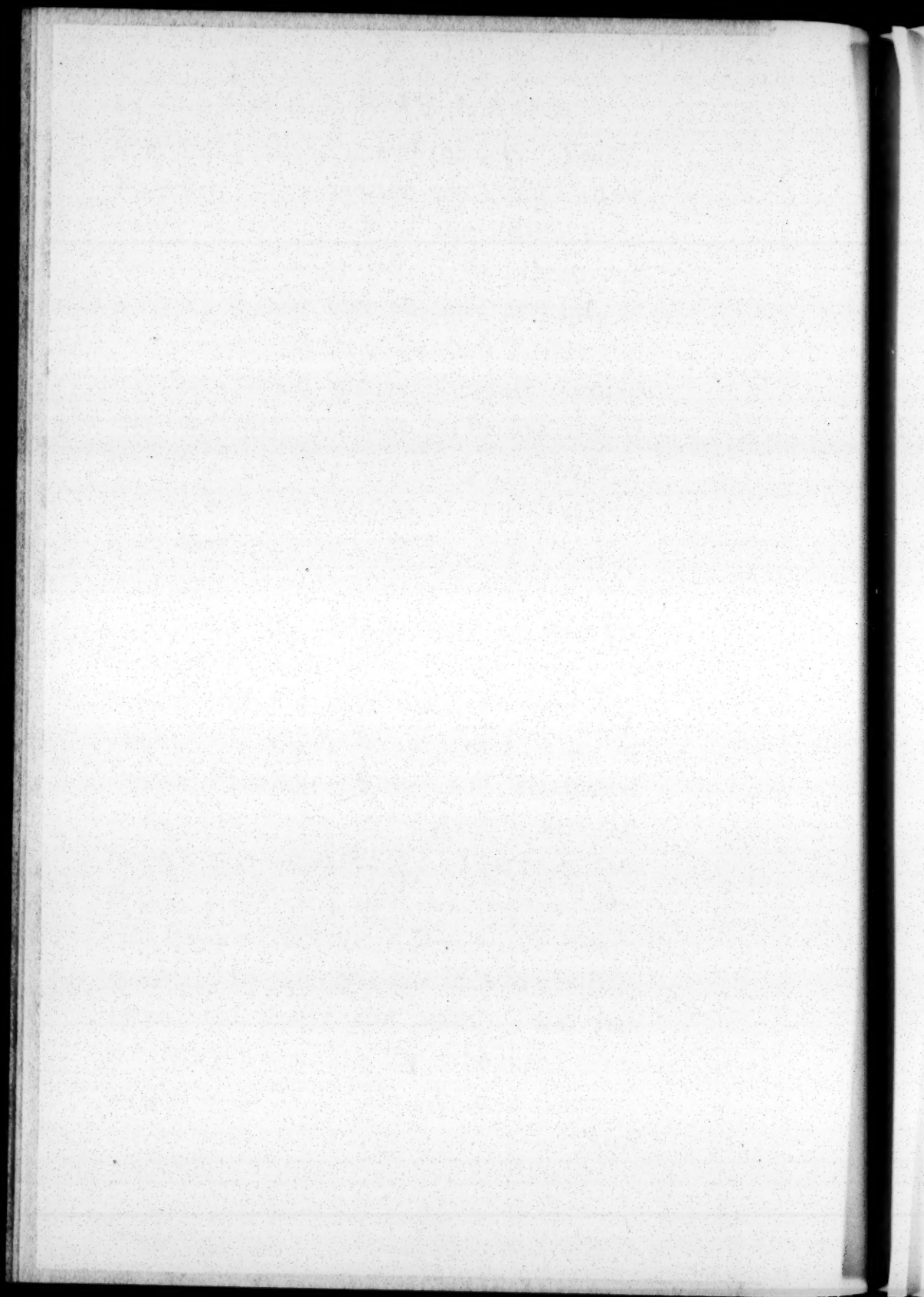
very first philosophers of the age. Yours, however, is yet safe for any thing I know to the contrary; for of the effect I informed you in my last, I find there was a cause, though such an one, perhaps, as you will not expect: That my Father and Mother should quarrel because people electrify their gardens in France is odd enough; but this was the pre-disposing, though not the proximate cause, as you shall hear.

— My Father, that he may be well informed of what passes in the world of science, takes in the Star, by one paragraph of which he was told, that in France Monsieur A—— had electrified certain fruit-trees in his garden, and the success was astonishing! The fruit was larger, more early ripe, and had a superior flavour! Monsieur B——, in consequence, had extended the idea to the cultivation of arable and pasture, and was preparing a machine, by which ten acres might be electrified almost in an instant!

Now







sensation by a something like vermicular motion ; the nervous fluid became nervous influence : This influence was soon known to be the electric fluid, and the filaments the best of all possible conductors. At this instant, however, he is rather of opinion that the nerves are not concerned in the business of sensation any way whatever : But was this all, Wallace ; had my Father nothing worse than a feeble judgment and capricious imagination, how thankfully could I overlook his vanities, his hobby-horses. Oh ! had he but the social affections, the common charities of life, or, as he adorned with integrity — all else might be forgiven ; but, dear James, this is too tender and delicate a subject, even for the ear of friendship.

Thine,

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

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JAMES WALLACE,

TO

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

*Borfield, July 6, 1787.*

OF the subject of your last I shall say nothing, for I know nothing proper to say. It is so uncommon to find men of science, men of art—of little art—that I hope you are mistaken in the last charge; and if you are not, I hope it will serve to fix the solid virtue of integrity in your own breast as on a rock. I told you I was learning to restrain the headstrong passions of youth. Indulgence is not for poverty. Of the four maid-servants who labour in this mansion, the second in rank has sparkling black eyes, an alluring shape, a modest and engaging exterior. A young man, who has nothing else to do, finds it very difficult to look



look often upon such an object, without falling more or less in love. No sooner did I begin to feel myself assaulted than I set reason to work, who told me of the folly of it in very strong terms.

If, says she, you propose nothing more than amusement, or the generation of voluptuous fancies, and imagine you can stop when you please, govern and curb as you please, you are no small fool: If you propose to marry, it will be a folly of the first magnitude; if to seduce, you unite folly with dishonesty. These conclusions were just; I felt their full force, yet the generation of—fancies would begin in the very teeth of reason herself. I must, however, do Rachael justice; she made no advances, used no arts of allurements; and once, when I assumed libertinism enough to talk a little roguishly, and snatch a kiss, she desired me very modestly not to take such liberties with her, for she was not what I took her for. I am sorry for it, answered I, Mrs. Ra-

chael; for I take you for an agreeable, modest girl, and think you much in the right to repress my impertinence, and that of every other coxcomb.

By my soul, Holman, I said this honestly, with the view of strengthening her virtuous propensities, even against myself. How Rachael understood it, I can only guess; but she blushed crimson deep, said nothing, and avoided me with care. This pleased me when reason was predominant, and vexed me when she was not; for I observe, this queen of us, that is or ought to be, does not keep her state so steadily as might be wished. There are moments when she would be in imminent danger of being deposed by the most loyal of us—if opportunity conspired with treason. I ascribed Rachael's behaviour to simple chastity, and hope I am not deceived, notwithstanding a little accident that happened some days since.

We

We are a most regular family here. At three we dine; at four the Ladies retire; pipes are brought in, and a fresh bottle; at five the justice takes a nap, I a walk, and my friend Thomas takes his way to the skittle-ground. One day that I had began my walk, I found I had more inclination to the library, which, for the first time, I found occupied by Master Thomas: He was sitting in my chair; on his right lay the *Principia*, on his left the *Encyclopedie*, on his knee sat Rachael. The gentle maid set up a gentle scream, and ran out with the flush of chastity upon her cheek.

Hang you, says Thomas, who thought o' your being back so soon; but mum, and off went Thomas.

I talked to my worthy friend over our next private bottle, much in the same manner reason had talked to me; but Thomas damned all preaching by the lump, and bad me keep my advice for  
E 5 my



my own use, and not poach upon his grounds.

That will I not, indeed, friend Thomas. Rachael blushes, and shuns me; besides, the poor girl has not been well for several days. Thank Heaven! I grow divinely indolent: I have not passion enough to impel me to evil.

JAMES WALLACE.

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JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

*Borfield, July 15, 1787.*

**I**NTENT, as I suppose you are, upon the discovery of some new properties of matter, I would not interrupt your awful studies, by obliging you to the cold formality of regular correspondence. — Write when you please; freedom is the soul of friendship. All I am afraid of

is,

is, you are too great a philosopher to be pleased with love, and the dull detail of what passes in common life : If so, inform me, and I will entertain you with stories of Archimedes, and Simon the magician, the first aerostat upon record. Hear now of the poor Rachael.

Mr. Willis, the family apothecary, noticed the poor girl's illness, and gave her medicines : She was sickly still, and even began to swell. A tympany in virgins is almost as rare a disease as pregnancy ; the doctor considered the symptoms ; he considered her eyes, they spoke the language of perfect modesty ; her ruby lips uttered the very breath of chastity : It must be a tympanic swelling, or emphysema—or——But Rachael found it unnecessary to trust a part of her secret to her bedfellow, who being hard-favoured, and extremely virtuous, carried it to Madam Gamidge.

Alas ! since men undo—and women betray—who can poor virgins trust ?

Against the chastity of Madam Gamidge, nobody that I know of had offended even in thought. She is happy in a clouded majesty of countenance, capable of strangling a loose thought in its birth: She is happy also in an innate virtue which supplies her with inexhaustible anger against young and beautiful offenders, and peculiarly happy in a strong and manly eloquence, wherewith she chastises them.

You, W——, says she to poor Rachael (for she pays little attention to the graces of language) — How durst you have the impudence to do such a thing in my house?

Rachael expressed nothing but astonishment.

Come, says Madam, none of your affections of modesty, and such stuff; they won't pass upon me: I know all; Mary has told me all.

Rachael



Rachael was ready to sink.

What vile man have you been connected with, you abominable strumpet? Tell me, for I will know.

Poor Rachael answered nothing.

Madam Gamidge proceeded to hurl her thunder-bolts so profusely, and spoke with such gross malignity, that the humble Rachael became indignant, scorned to answer, and withdrew from her tempestuous mistress—unordered--unallowed.

This was not to be borne. Madam Gamidge, with all the furies in her face, ran to the justice's apartment, who was smoking a morning pipe in all the calmness of law, whilst I was explaining to him, *Qui tam* and *premunire*. Madam Gamidge's complaint was a little precipitate, and rather indistinct; but, in the law phrase, it formed three counts: First, Rachael had defiled her house: Secondly, Rachael had  
dared

dared to look modest ; and lastly, Rachael had offended by her silence.

The greatest difficulty the justice had found, both before and since his being in the commission, is to keep the peace in his own house. Passive obedience is the only infallible means, and the justice has recourse to it upon all occasions, when it can be practised without injuring his ease or his consequence. The culprit was ordered before him, and Madam Gamidge having adjusted his neckcloth and wig, he began with proper gravity, thus :

“ Rachael Potts, you stands indicted before me, Thomas Gamidge, Esq; justice of the peace and quorum, for the wicked and heinous sin of fornication. Rachael Potts, I suppose you knows what fornication is ? I hopes I have no occasion to instruct you in the nature of it : It is a thing abhorred by God and man, and nobody never commits it without lustful and evil desires.”

“ And

"And all manner of concupiscence, you nasty slut," adds Madam Gamidge.

"What say you, Rachael Potts, guilty or not guilty?"—Rachael answered only with tears, and she was beautiful in tears. —"Howsomever, continues the magistrate, as the woman is the weaker vessel, and what is done can't be undone; upon proper behaviour, I may in some sort overlook your share of the guilt, because, as I say, woman is the weaker vessel; but I shall direct the power that is vested in me by the King's Majesty against the wicked wretch that seduced you. He shall know what it is to break the law in my house, and under my own nose, and upon the body of my own proper domestic. He shall marry you, Rachael, and make you an honest woman."

"God forgive me! says Madam; for we shall have all the young hussies in the house and neighbourhood with-child to get them husbands. I say husbands too, No,



No, indeed, Mr. Gamidge, I will have them both punished soundly. Let the slut be whipt, I say, and the man sent to the house of correction."

"My dear, the Holy Scripture says, in thy judgments, O man, remember mercy."

"Don't tell me of mercy; what is mercy good for, but to encourage wickedness? And what are you a justice of peace for but as how to afflict the law? Don't stand puling and sobbing there, Mrs. Modesty; but tell his worship all about it—do, hussy."

But for this, all Madam Gamidge's eloquence was too weak. Tears were still Rachael's only answer; they were, indeed, sufficient to soften men and marble, but womens hearts are adamant. Madam Gamidge insisted upon her mittimus, and I know not how far the justice's principle of peace might have led him,

him, had I not  
 the lady's ear. — It was against the law.  
 This was an authority too formidable to  
 be resisted, because the justice having  
 once before indulged his Lady — against  
 the law — the court of King's-Bench had  
 just taken the matter into consideration.  
 Madam Gamidge, therefore, answered, I  
 was a fool, and left the room in a passion,  
 and the court was accordingly dismissed.

It never came certainly to my know-  
 ledge, whether the justice had so ordered  
 the matter previously with his Lady; but  
 it is certain he chose for his next inqui-  
 sition the evening of the same day, when  
 Madam and Miss Gamidge had taken the  
 chariot to pay a visit to Mrs. Bennet,  
 when I was gone my evening walk, and  
 friend Thomas to his usual amusement,  
 the skittle-ground.

“ Rachael — says the kindly-hearted  
 magistratè — I wants to talk with you mild-  
 ly now, more liker a friend than a justice  
 o'peace.

lost your chastity now, and pray what have you got by it? Nothing in the world but shame. This comes of pretty girls fixing their affections upon low people, and so they bears the scandal, because they can't pay for hiding it. If a man can afford to pay for it, I fees no great harm. I dares to say, Rachael, you have been imprudent, very imprudent; the footman, perhaps."

"No—no—no, Sir, says Rachael."

"Or the coachman, may be."

"No—no—no, indeed, Sir."

"Well—don't cry and sob, and break thy little heart for what's past and done. I declare thee makes me as tender-hearted as a chicken."

"Oh! your worship is too kind—too good."

"No—no; I would be kind, though, Rachael, very kind, thou canst not think how



how kind, my pretty little rogue, if——  
Come hither, child. What red, pouting  
lips! Sweet little rogue! I must taste  
the balsam. Fool! what doest make such  
ado about?"

"Oh! dear Sir, you fright me to death!"

"Pretty blushing rogue. What a soft,  
swelling bosom! Come; sit down upon  
my knee—nay, prithee—don't be a fool—  
Zoons! damn the wench—she has trod  
upon my fore toe."

"Oh! dear Sir, pray forgive me—I  
did not mean to hurt you; but you ter-  
rified me out of my senses."

"Damn your senses!—Oh! curse the  
wench."

"I will do any thing in the world for  
forgiveness."

"Sit down then; the pain's going off.  
Come hither gently now. Slacken my  
neckcloth

"neckcloth—there—Any thing you say for forgiveness—Sweet rogue—give me a kiss then?"

"Good! your worship, don't ask me. I would do any thing in the world that's innocent and lawful."

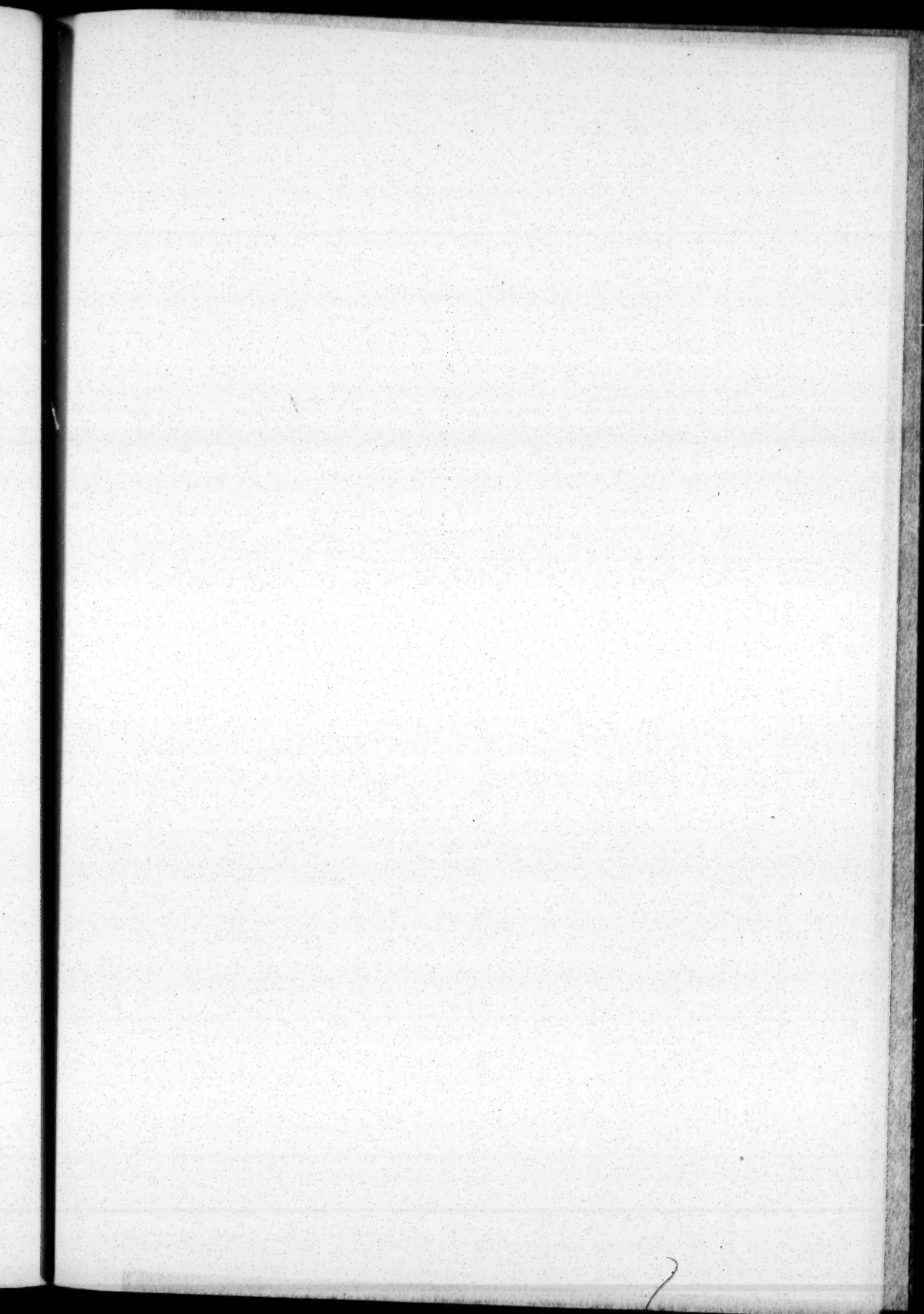
"The girl's a fool. Pray, Mrs. Modesty, what innocent thing was you about when ——— lay?"

"Dear! your worship; he is not a married man, and he promised to marry me when it was convenient."

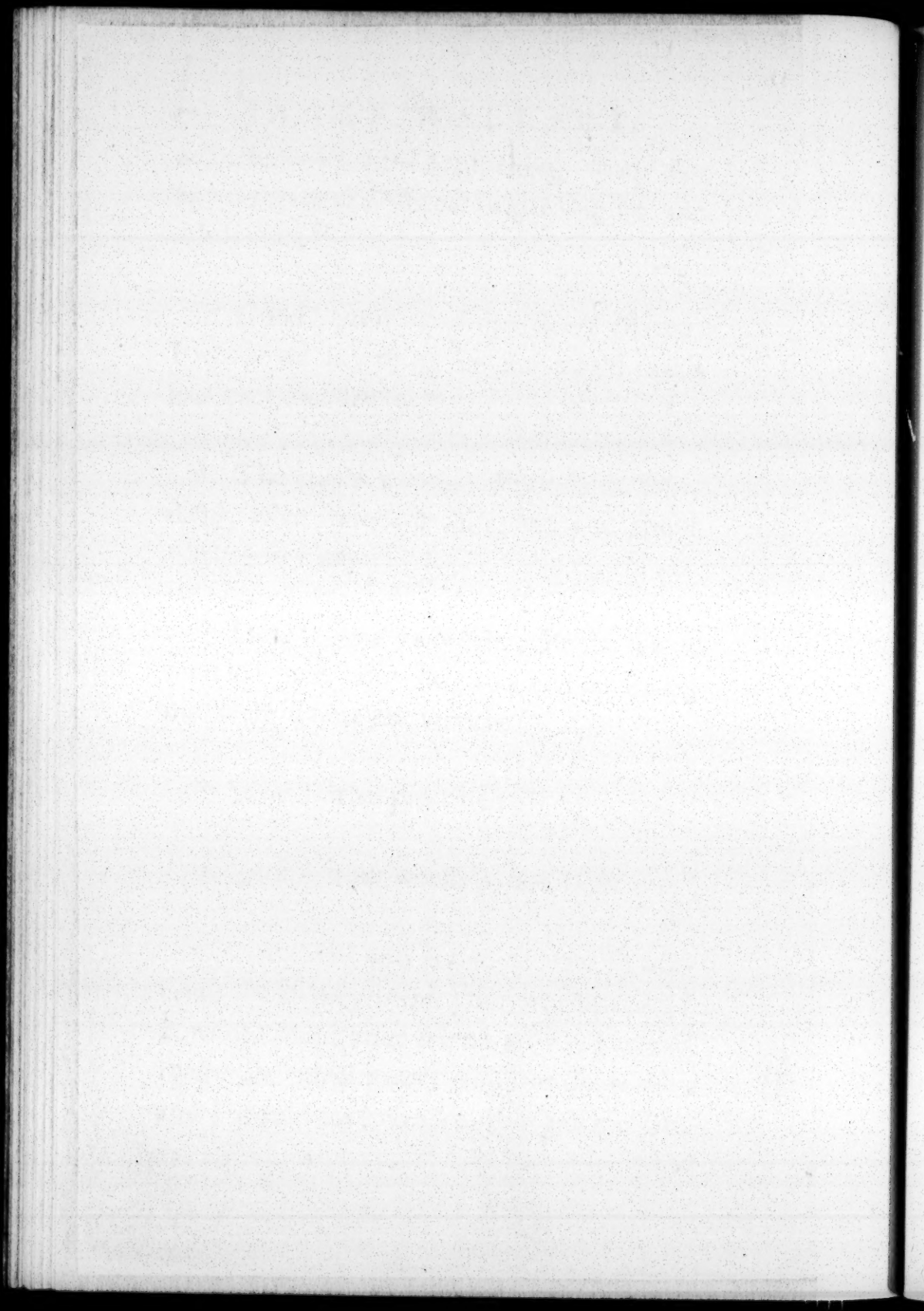
"Who? who promised?"

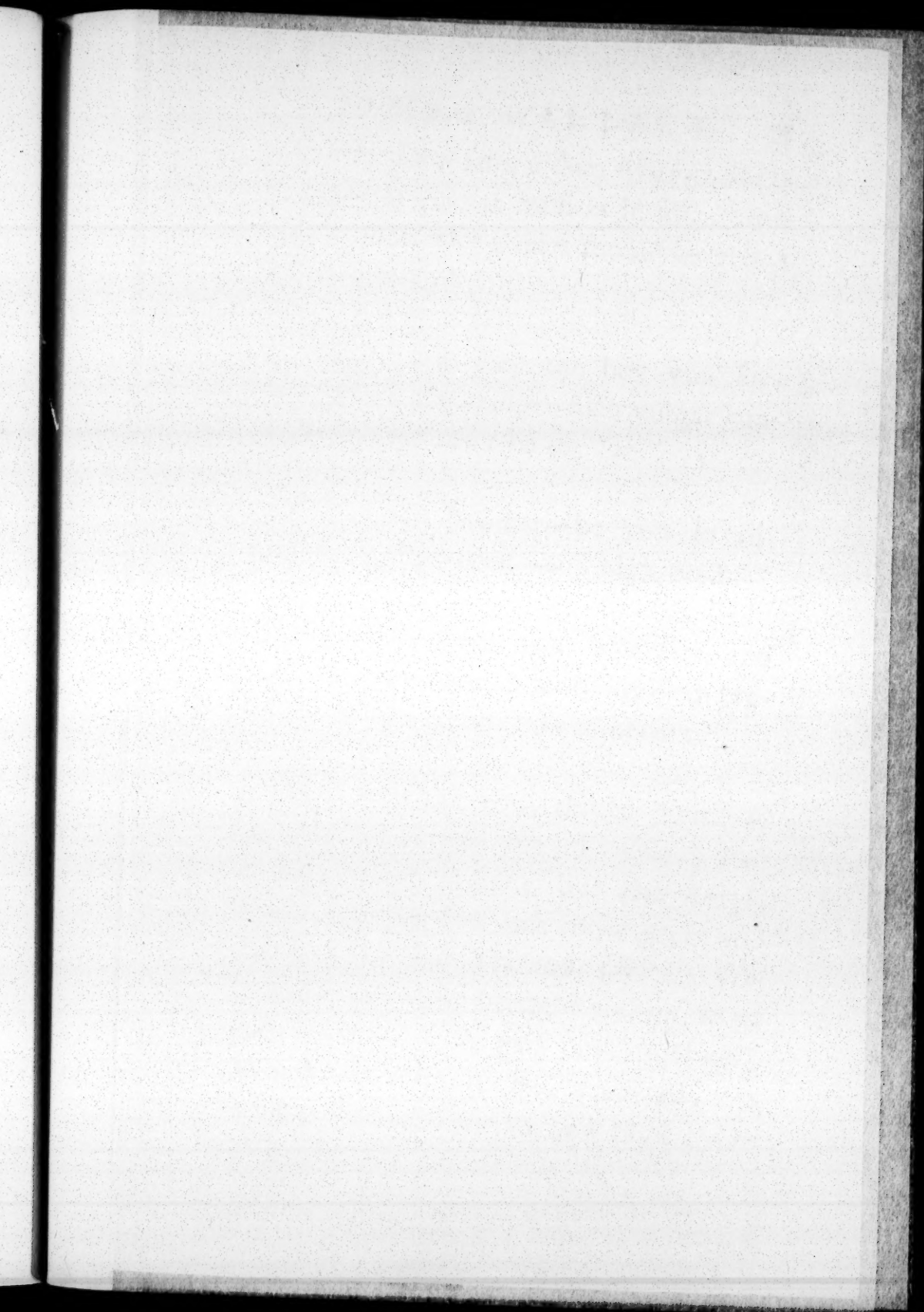
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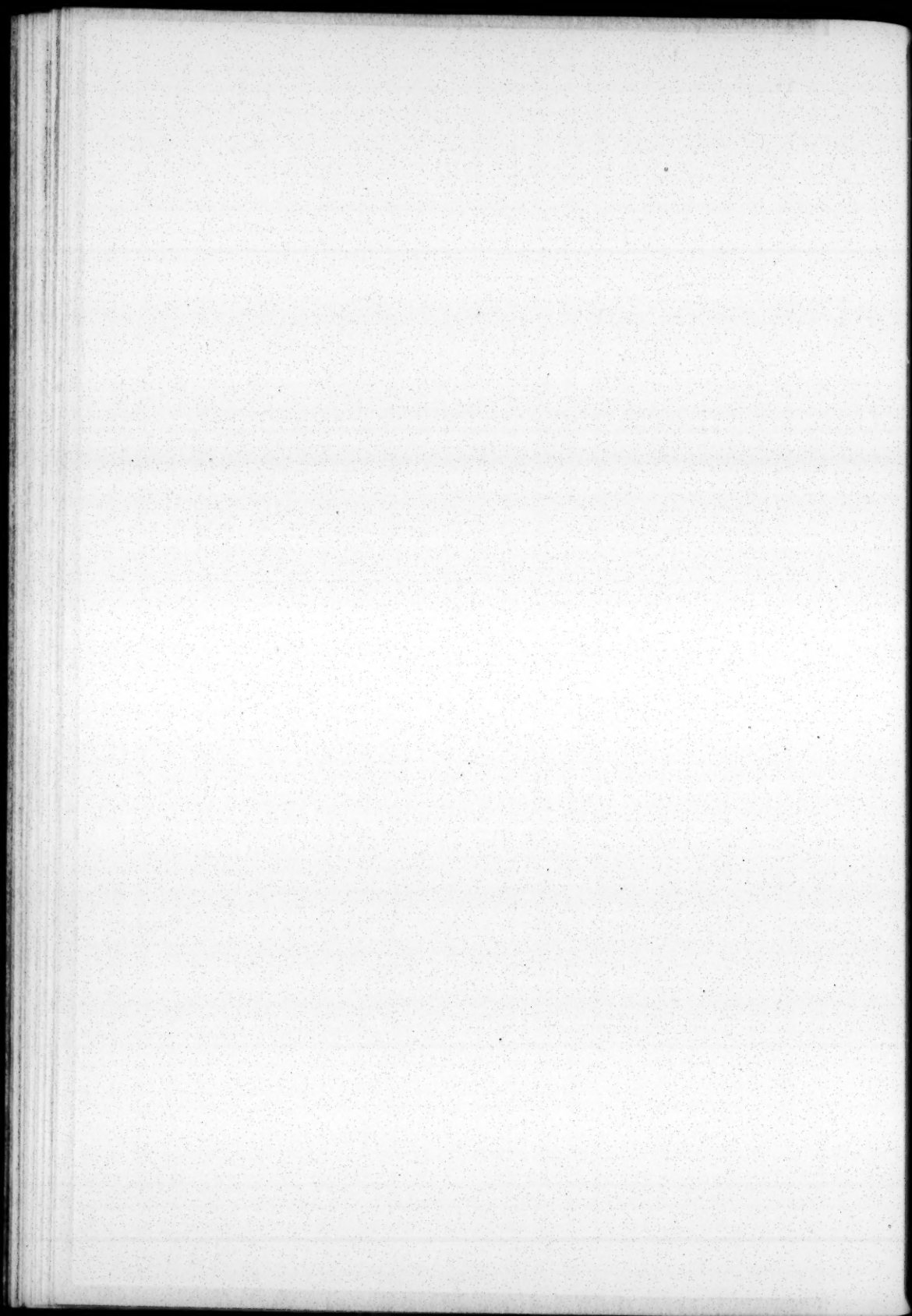
"What will you say to the parish officers? Will they mind your whimpering? I would stand your friend now; I would make the rascal marry you, or do worse; and I would save you from disgrace: But what













JAMES WALLACE. 97

“ Nay, for matter o’ that, Mother, there be as pretty girls in stuf’s as in filks ; and I can’t think why a man should be proud and squeamish.”

“ Oh ! says she, the boy was sure changed in the cradle ! such vulgar conceptions ! He can’t be my son.”

“ Eh ! why Mother—be you so arrogant—and high-born—and high-bred ?”

“ Go your ways, you *impudence*, and presume to come no more into my presence, till you knows how to behave.”

Pretty well got o’er, thinks Tom, as he has since told me ; I wish I had it out with Father ; but the magistrate’s reprehension was more grave and solemn :—“ Son Thomas, says he, you knows how I have brought you up, from your youth up, in gain and godliness. You never kep’ no bad company, nor went to taverns, nor to bad houses, nor

to play-houses, and Sadler's-Wells ; and I have bought you an estate, meaning as you should be a gentleman ; whereas, instead of that, you keeps company with excisemen and farmers, and frequents tippling-houses and skittles, whereby your morals are corrupted ; and so you comes home and defiles young maidens, and all manner of abominations."

" Father, says Thomas, have you done ?"

" No, replies the justice ; but you be soon tired of hearing good things : Howsoever, its my duty to tell you what's right, and then, if you acts contrary, you be to answer for it. In the first place I tell you, you have broke the commandments which be of God. Secondly, you have broke the laws of this here land, whereof you are born an unworthy member, which said laws I am bound to uphold."

" Zounds ! Father, you be enough to drive a body mad ; as if it was murder, or  
high-

high-treason, to kiss a pretty wench, or I was the only body as did it ! I wonder, Father, if you did not do as much when you was young : — And I cod (with an arch look) its my belief you would not run away now from a blushing little rogue, for all your inflicted with the gout."

The justice bit his thumb.

" Besides, Father, if a man can afford it, I fees no harm."

" To be sure, says the justice, it makes a difference ; but the girl says you promised to marry her."

" I did, Father ; I won't tell a lie for the matter : One says any thing to bring 'em too, when one's in the humour."

" Then you don't design to keep your word ?"

" That's the very thing, Father, I want to ask your advice upon ; it's honestest to keep one's word, is not it ?"



“ That sort of honesty’s out of fashion, Tom.”

“ More’s the pity, Father ; but isn’t it more lawful ? And be’nt you bound to uphold the law ?”

The justice gnawed his thumb.

“ Rachael’s of low degree to be sure, continues Tom. What then ? she’ll spend less. Mayhap you would marry me to a fine Madam, all dizen’d out wi’ lace and feathers ; I’d as leave be hang’d, Father. They be so dainty, and frumpish, and extravagant : Why the very cloaths upon the backs o’ them costs more in a year, than would serve Rachael and I to keep house with ; and then how they smell, Father ? Now Rachael never smells o’ nothing but what’s natural. I should be as happy as the day’s long if you would give your consent, and Mother would no’ make a din. Do, Father ; I’ll never do any thing to disoblige you again as long  
as

as I live ; and Rachael would be more handier about you than sister, when you ha' got the gout."

" It's a nice point, Tom, a nice point. Honour of the family ! It's a nice point between honour and honesty. Your Mother will be all for honour, Tom ; but go your way, Tom, I'll see what's to be done."

At supper, Mr. Thomas being absent, for he did not chuse to face his Mother at present, the justice had the courage to mention his son's desire ; and hang it, adds the justice, I don't know what to say to't : I think the lad's not made for your gentry ; he'll be happier, and let him have his own way.

Madam Gamidge was struck dumb with the proposition.—So does I think so too, says Miss Gamidge, for brother is not used to Ladies ; and you know, Mama, if a person marries inferior, why

then there's always a deal of gratitude for one's raising 'em, and they strive to please and humour one more.

“ Grant me patience, says Madam Gamidge, are you too imbued with such vulgar ideas? What—I suppose you have some inferior person you wants to bestow yourself and fortune upon: Nobody but me has a mind that's equal to their station. Who would keep up the dignity of the family if I did not? A gentleman marry his own trull! God forgive me! I'll never hear of no such thing while my name's Madam Gamidge.”

To such a *La reine le veut*—there could be no opposition, and Madam talked her half hour with more than common dignity. — So rests the matter at present. Spare me the trouble of any more narration, if it offends your philosophic gravity; otherwise I shall continue my impertinence, whether I hear from you or no.

JAMES WALLACE.



PARACELSUS HOLMAN,

T O

JAMES WALLACE.

*Allington, July 24, 1787.*

**N**OT to laugh—I leave to the gentlemen of Lord Chesterfield's school; not to be pleased—unless with wisdom as ponderous as lead—I leave to the Lords Spiritual, and give you, by these mandates, James Wallace, a licence to discompose my philosophic muscles as much and as often as you please, provided you do not require a return in kind, or any return, save at my vacations. My Father, you know, has assigned me the dignified post of his coadjutor; and of nature's, when she appears to require it; and if I am so happy as to deserve the good graces of this fair Lady, I hope in time to be admitted a member of her

F 4

Privy.

Privy-Council ; but I cannot expect this, without serving her night and day. This, by way of apology, for not doing some things which you may imagine I ought to do.

I have not of late, however, had so much correspondence with my goddess as I could wish, my devotions having been interrupted, as devotion often is, by a mere mortal woman, a sister of my Mother's, a widow, who died a month since, leaving behind her a personal fortune of £2,300. In our house lay all her relationship ; but as she knew the œconomy of this our house, she thought proper to make her will, bequeathing her substance by a sort of *datus prudentissimo* ; but lest I should not be found by this direction ; she set my name to it at full length.

This event has, for a time, suspended our altercations domestical ; for though my Mother was extremely splenetic at first, she now seems to settle in the opinion,

nion, that, except to herself, the bequest could not have been better bestowed. My Father also finds reason to believe, that I am not so totally a blockhead as he had once conceived.

On the part of my dear Mama, this has been effected by a large addition to her wardrobe, and a few elegant toys. All women love toys, James Wallace ; from the creation of the world to this day, I believe, the rule has been without exception. On the part of my Father by £100 sterling, which has paid the wreck of that unfortunate day, and leaves an agreeable remainder for the privy-purse : Besides this, I have listened attentively to a new system of all created things, which has thrown, or is to throw, gravitation, and other Newtonian absurdities, out of the window into the street. The property originally belongs to two French gentlemen ; but, I believe, my Father designs to disguise it, and call it the system of



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Hermes Holman, *philosophus, et systemarum factor*—Britannus.

Adieu,

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

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JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

*Carlisle, July 31, 1787.*

YOU will be surprized, dear Holman, that I am where I am : Perhaps you will be angry also ; but first hear me, and then condemn or applaud, as to your judgment shall seem meet.—You remember in what state my last letter left things at Borfield. Rachael, because she could not be sent to jail, was returned upon the hands of her grandmother ; my friend Thomas deserted the house, and even the skittle-ground ; the little harmony that used

used to subsist amongst us was gone, and a fullen dignified gloom touched our tongues, and sat upon our countenances.

One day the justice desired my company in his little room, and having lighted our pipes, Mr. Wallace, says he, I have not had a comfortable pipe, and hardly a comfortable hour, since this ugly affair fell out. You sees how things are now, and what a deal of miscomfort children brings upon their Fathers when they takes bad ways. Who would ever have thought now that Tom, a lad as I brought up so carefully, should turn out so, and now he's heir to the family, and there's nobody else to keep up its honour and dignity! These things, Mr. Wallace, weighs very heavy upon me. Give me your advice now; what would you have me do?

I would have you be happy, Sir, answered I, and I see no reason why you should be otherwise. You will please to consider, Sir, that your son has fallen

into a natural weakness, but not into any of those vices that disgrace human nature.

I made this speech pretty long, and the specimen will shew you its tendency. The justice seemed to be relieved by it, shaked me by the hand, and said I was a sensible young man. Yes, yes, says he, it's true, very true—it's a natural weakness; perhaps, if I had been young, I might have fallen into it myself. Man is frail, Mr. Wallace, and Rachael alluring. Well, I'll forgive Tom that; tell him so, Mr. Wallace; but the fool wants to have her after all. What do you think of that?

I cannot presume, Sir, to give you advice in such delicate points: I own it appears to me that Mr. Thomas will not be happy without her; and, I believe, it was upon a solemn promise of marriage the poor girl yielded to his wishes. Now, Sir, if his honour and happiness both are concerned in fulfilling his promise, I own it does not appear to me, that there is  
any



any argument on the other side that ought to prevent it, except your anger and dislike.

The magistrate fell into a proper attitude to consider the proposition; had a reverie of five minutes, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and walked out of the room.

I should not, dear Holman, have given this advice, nor any advice at all; but have left this curious family to its own mode of honour and happiness; but that my friend Thomas, who is really an honest, well-meaning young man, had opened his heart to me. He loved the young woman, he said, and the young woman loved him; and what signified all the riches in the world, if a man can't have what he likes?

But, says I, you ought to obey your Father and Mother.

I know that, you fool, replies Tom; I learnt it in my catechism. What then? There be things they ought to be masters in, and things not. To be sure I ought to do as they bid me in things lawful; but it's against Gospel to marry a wife as one can't love, because one's commanded to love 'em. Thou shalt leave Father and Mother, and cleave unto thy wife. There's Scripture now—answer that.

Mrs. Gamidge, however, was the only person in the family capable of contrivance and decision. She had been involved in the business of profound thinking several days, and at length conceived a most refined and delicate scheme, which, but for my obstinacy, might have restored the family glory and harmony to its pristine state.

One morning she rose earlier than usual, and came to find me in the library. "Mr. Wallace, says she, I takes you now to be as sensible a young man as most is; and,

JAMES WALLACE. III

and, I dares to say, you have a great deal of gratitude and good-will for one as does you a kindness."

" I hope, Madam, it will never be in the power of any one to accuse me justly of ingratitude."

" No, I dares say not ; you seems to be quite another sort of body. Now here's this affair of Tommy's gives us all vast concern ; not that I values the expence of a farthing candle, but it's such a disgrace for a gentleman. Now, I thinks, you might serve your friend and yourself into the bargain."

" I shall certainly, Madam, be very happy in such an opportunity."

" Yes, I dares to say you will, and be thankful to me for putting you into the way of it."

" Certainly, Madam."

" I



I know that, you fool, replies Tom; I learnt it in my catechism. What then? There be things they ought to be masters in, and things not. To be sure I ought to do as they bid me in things lawful; but it's against Gospel to marry a wife as one can't love, because one's commanded to love 'em. Thou shalt leave Father and Mother, and cleave unto thy wife. There's Scripture now—answer that.

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JAMES WALLACE. III

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" Certainly, Madam."

" I

"I assure you, I don't think every body would have thought of such a thing. You know now that Rachael's a decentish sort of a young woman enough, and one that's rather pretty."

"She is, Madam, very pretty."

"Now, for all she has gone astray, considering it was with a gentleman, there's not so much in it; and if she had a bit of a fortune, many a one would jump at her, for all this."

"I dare say so, Madam."

"I believe Mr. Gamidge would give a hundred pounds down with her to any young man that would use her well. Now I was thinking, Mr. Wallace, it would not be amiss for you; a hundred pounds, a pretty thing. You might set up in the law with it, and be Mr. Gamidge's clerk, and do very well in the world."

I felt the blush of indignation tinge my cheek; but thinking it silly to answer  
folly



folly with indignation, I only replied, "I thought myself too young to marry, and, though I was poor, and likely to remain so all my life, I should still chuse to have the getting of my own children."

Madam Gamidge tossed up her head, said it was a ridiculous nicety in such an one as I, and left the library. She returned in a few minutes, and, without further preface, said, if I was so squeamish as not to marry the young woman, and many of my betters had done worse, still, says she, you may father the child, and nobody'll know no better; and if we pays all expences, what harm can that do you?

"I hope you will excuse me, Madam; it cannot injure your son because he has a fortune; me it might utterly undo; my all depends upon character."

"Character, indeed! I said character; a lawyer talk of his character! Well, I  
fees

fees what sort of man you be; every body's for themselves now a days. When I was young, one good turn deserved another. Nobody now has no gratitude; so I sets you down for what you are, Mr. Wallace; so good-morrow to you."

With such a disposition of the govern-  
ness of this mansion, I had the sagacity to  
foresee my time in it would not be long:  
I even debated whether I should quietly  
wait my dimission, or seek it. The mat-  
ter was determined by a way I had not  
foreseen.—I have not been very particu-  
lar in my communications concerning  
Miss Gamidge; for, I think, it is a law  
in the code of gallantry not to divulge  
the secrets of a Lady; and, upon my soul,  
as I never received her advances without  
confusion, I know not how to talk of  
them without shame.—The morning had  
seen me embroiled with the Mother; the  
evening was destined to compleat my hap-  
less catastrophe. Miss Gamidge came  
into the library whilst I was there. I rose,  
out

out of respect, and was going out: "Oh, Lord! Mr. Wallace, says she, if I'm so frightful you can't bear to see me, I'll go back."

"I beg pardon, Miss Gamidge; I thought it my duty to retire."

"So I thinks you always do whenever I comes any where."

"I hope you are not angry, Miss Gamidge, at being treated with respect."

"I don't want so much respect. Have you any pretty books here, such as I should like to read?"

"The Spectator is here, Ma'am, the World, the Reflector, Parental Monitor."

"What are all they about?"

"The duties and manners of social life."

Why



"Why I knows my duty well enough. Have you any about love? I likes vastly to read about love: Don't you? But I fancies not. I thinks you are not indicted to Ladies."

"I should be forry to offend any. Why do you think so, Ma'am?"

"Because many's the time, and oft, you seemed to shun my company, when I've been in the garden, and up and down; and no longer ago than yesterday, didn't I ask you to fetch a walk in the evening to Miss Cave's? and I would have walked home with you, and you wouldn't."

"I thought you condescended too much, Miss Gamidge."

"What's that to you, if I did? But that's not it; it's because you don't like me: I don't know why. I'm sure I wishes I was more handsome and agreeable. Why you looks frightened: I dares say

say you have not been used to talk much to Ladies."

"Not to such Ladies."

"Why, if I condescends a little, you ought to take it kinder, I think."

"You are very good, Ma'am."

"Ay—but do you think so now in good earnest. My Mama told me the talk you had together this morning, and mortal angry she is. Now, I thinks, you was quite right: I likes a man of spirit. A fine offer truly, a hundred pounds, and a wife big! I dares to say there's many a Lady with thousands, if they knew how handsome and genteel you was, would not scorn you; for love, you know, never minds conditions."

"Don't it so, Miss? says Mrs. Gamidge, entering like a fury; but I'll condition you, I will. Lord, have mercy! but for me  
what

what would this poor family come to? The son going to marry a maid-servant, the daughter in love with her Father's clerk. I have suspected it some time, you low creature, you. Walk down, forward Miss; I'll take care of you: And as to you, you ungrateful wretch, to-morrow morning's the last hour you have to stay in this house, that's pos."

Whilst the lovely Miss Gamidge was pouring forth her dear effusions, I was putting up a silent petition that the Lord would deliver me; and now the end was obtained, I did not like the means: But it is no uncommon caprichio of fortune, to make one man pay for the follies of another.

In the silence of the night I meditated a most excellent speech, adapted to exculpate myself, without wounding the young Lady's delicacy; but, when I appeared in the morning before the venerable tribunal, neither the magistrate nor the magistrate's



gistrate's Lady would hear it. She poured forth a rich torrent that would not have disgraced the emporium near London-Bridge ; and flinging at me, rather than presenting, a twenty pound bank note ; " Take your dirty wages, says she, it's ten times more than you deserve, and, I hopes, I shall never hear about you no more as long as I live."

I pocketed the note with great prudence and great disdain ; and, without taking any notice of the Lady, I bowed to the justice, and said to him, I would wish you peace and happiness, Sir ; but, unless you would take the trouble to govern your own family, the wish will be vain. If Heaven gave you felicity to-day, the passions of your Lady would destroy it to-morrow. As I went out I heard something about assurance, which I did not regard.—I took up my residence for that day at the Harrow, where my friend Thomas came in the afternoon to console me ; and where he told me in confidence

confidence he would be married in a week, let the old folks take it how they would.

Having communed, as wise men do, with my own thoughts, and finding little hope of employment in the county of Lancaster, I determined to try my fortune at Carlisle. I know, indeed, I cannot expect success in the law, but from time and accident: I hope for the accident, and whilst I wait, shall indulge myself in nature's primitive luxuries, roots and water. I have taken two rooms in a bye street, and over the door of one have affixed a brass plate, inscribed, Wallace, Attorney.

I congratulate you on your acquisition, and am happy to hear the use you put it to. I wished to have thrown myself into your arms, dear Holman, to be advised and consoled; but, fearing the nature of your counsel, and not chusing to interrupt your present fair prospect of family harmony, I thought it most prudent

JAMES WALLACE. 121

dent for you, and for myself, not to indulge in that pleasure.

Adieu,

JAMES WALLACE.

Direct to me at Mr. Brown's, weaver,  
in Cass-Street.

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PARACELSUS HOLMAN,

T O

JAMES WALLACE.

*Allington, August 9, 1787.*

**I** LAUGH at thee, James Wallace.  
Thy situation in a bye street; thy well-known name and fame; thy brass plate; thy roots and water, and the sum of ten pounds in thy pocket; all these conjunctions must force thee away into the wealthiest regions of the law. — I have my projects too, James Wallace, and, I trust, of a better complexion than thine, at

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G

least



least of a different, for roots and water make no part of them ; but as these projects are not yet ripe, I will suffer thee to starve one or two half years at Carlisle till they are.

In former days, James Wallace, when mankind was incrusted all over with virtuous innocence and simplicity, roots and water, with a few acorns and pig-nuts, were sufficient for his maw ; but our wicked forefathers have so habituated the human race to *blood*, that in the very caves of hermits, within thirty degrees of the mid-sun, you will now find flesh and wine. As a physician, I would advise you to use just as much of these as will protract your existence for a year ; but as it would be foolish to prescribe impossibilities, I inclose you a Lancaster bank note of £50, just to enable you—not to die.

Don't trouble thyself about gratitude,  
James Wallace, nor beat thy law-stuffed  
brain

brain for the finest expression of it. It is myself I want to gratify : It is my own happiness I want to seek ; and when I stand naked before thee, thou wilt judge if I take not the right road,

My Mother is ill, dangerously so ; my Father and I disagreeing concerning her disease : I sent, much against his will, for Doctor Webb, of Lancaster, who found us both in the wrong. The worst of it is, she has not mended under his care. The Doctor is a man of genius and some humour, and has a peculiar pleasure in playing upon the foibles of mankind. With my Father's he is well acquainted, and has often experienced his credulity.

Mr. Holman, says he, after dinner, I can tell you an odd sort of a secret, tho' I must not tell you the means by which I learned it ; it is concerning balloons, which the French council have taken into their heads, may be of prodigious use against the English in any future war ;

but then they conceived it to be a case of conscience, and a case of conscience they made of it, for the private determination of the Sorbonne, and also of the Archbishop of Paris and his Chapter. The question was, whether, according to Grotius—to Puffendorf—to the *jus gentium* — or the *jus naturæ*, they could or ought to make use of a mere philosophical discovery to the destruction and annoyance of mankind.

To the Archbishop and his Chapter the matter seemed perfectly clear at the first view; that, since his Most Christian Majesty had a natural, reasonable, consummate and indefeasible right, to convert to his own use and pleasure, all the powers, and all the faculties, of his subjects; and since it had pleased Providence, that a natural-born subject of His Majesty should conceive and bring forth this child of air and fire, it followed of course, that his Most Christian Majesty might take the child, and bring it up to any use that seemed good unto him.

The



The decision of the Sorbonne was equally wise and attentive to the goodwill and pleasure of the Monarque. All advantages, say they, are lawful against an enemy in *posse* as well as in *esse*, and they knew of no difference in the nature of things, betwixt a fabric of balloons and a foundery of cannon; nor why a magazine might not be filled as well with inflammable air as with gunpowder, with taffeta and vegetable bottles, as with hemp and tar.

In consequence of these decisions, it is confidently affirmed in Paris, that great orders are issued to the East for silk and gum, and all over Europe for inflammable air; in particular, Doctor Priestly is unlimited, and must infallibly make a fortune in a few years, if he can but contrive proper vessels for confining and conveying this precious fluid.

Here ended the Doctor's relation, and my Father has thought more about it

than about my Mother ever since. He fears the consequences for his dear country, and is debating whether, as a dutiful subject, he ought not to advertise government, and advise the taking Doctor Priestly up; more especially as the Doctor is a traitor to the Church as well as State, as appears evidently by his polemics, and by his tracts in favour of Dissenters, and for repealing the Test and Corporation Acts; for though my Father has his heterodoxies in matters of faith, he is well convinced that the Church is the grand pillar of the State.

My Father was mentioning this his opinion one day to a gentleman farmer here, who reads much. Yes, says the farmer, I have read all the English histories with great care; and I find, when Kings have had a mind to do what they ought not to do, they have called in the Church's aid; but when their heads were turned to the public service, I think they never wanted it, nor never will.

I told you in my last that my Father had adopted a new system, invented by Messrs. Marivetz and Gouffier, who, by the help of a fluid 490,000,000,000 times more rare and elastic than atmospheric air, have fabricated a world *de novo*. This omnipresent, omnipotent fluid, performs attraction, repulsion, gravitation, electricity, and magnetism — rolls planets in orbits—and turns suns on centers.

But my Father thinks a still greater use may be made of it, if we could contrive to fill our own air balloons. Good God ! says my Father—a fluid 490,000,000,000 times more rare than inflammable air, whither would it not enable us to fly ? It is certain, if my Father can bring this project to bear, exclusively, we never more need to fear being surpassed by the French in any levity whatever.

I modestly suggested to my Father, that I was afraid a limit would be put to our ascensions from another cause ; that the



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lungs, when they had no atmospheric air to breathe, which would probably befall them by the time they had ascended fifty miles, would become as mad as raving mad oysters, and die of collapfion. My Father assured me that, notwithstanding all Mr. Vernier's assertions to the contrary, he was well convinced the lungs had no feeling, no fenfibility whatever, and confequently could not die.

Adieu, dear Wallace; canft thou be sad?

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

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JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

*Carlisle, Auguft 16, 1787.*

I KNOW your temper, dear Holman, and dare not return your prefent; but

I

I have already a competent sense of my own littleness, and beg you will not increase it.

Thank you for your communication; had the ridicule been directed against the foibles of any man rather than a Father—how much better should I have enjoyed it.

You laugh at my probabilities; my landlord, an honest weaver, laughs also. Master Wallace, says he, after I had been a fortnight in his house without a client, a friend, or an acquaintance, male or female, I have a good trade, and a bit of money at use, and how do you think I got it? Why I got it by going to look for business, not by letting business come to look for me. How should any body employ you, when nobody knows you? Come along with me, I'll introduce you to our club at the Raven; there are some amongst them that knows what's what. If they don't employ you, they'll talk about you, and that's the way to be known.

It was a club of honest tradesmen, whose principal subjects were politics and jokes. I was not extremely well qualified in either; but I desired to please, and, after a fortnight's exertion, succeeded tolerably. A young soldier, fresh from America, had favoured the members sometimes, and was at first well received; but as he chose to talk for every body, every body grew weary of being auditors only, and heartily wished to be rid of him, though no one chose to signify so unpolite a request. A Glasgow rider, a man of sense and some humour, came to Carlisle about this time, and, as most of his customers frequented this club, he came as usual amongst them, having been previously acquainted with the dislike of the military intruder: I happened to be there this night, and the officer, according to custom, entertained us with infinite volubility. The eternal themes were the American war and himself. To this personage, and a very few others, his panegyric was confined; but in his style of  
 applause



applause he did not imitate either Livy or Tacitus. Courage, firmness, patience of labour, of thirst, of hunger, intrepidity in attack, coolness in defence, wisdom in council, alacrity in enterprize; these, and an hundred more of military virtues, were all comprized in spunk and dash. The manner of doing justice to his own merits, you have in the following specimen.

“ I am but a lieutenant, gentlemen; but, by G—d, the lieutenants bore the burden of command throughout the whole war, and the colonels ran away with the glory. It is not prudent, perhaps, in a young foldier, who expects, and damme I’ll be bold to say deserves, preferment, to talk too much about his superiors; but, by G—d, gentlemen, you see how the war has terminated. Damme, I would have eaten America, if I had had the command, before it should have terminated in this manner. I hate boasting, gentlemen, as I hate the devil and the pretender;

pretender ; but I was sent out upon a secret expedition, and how do you think I conducted it ? If I did not surprize the enemy's commanding officer in the arms of his mistress, curse me. I delivered my gentleman to a corporal, and went to bed to the Lady ; a sweet girl, faith !

Another time, gentlemen, I was ordered to dislodge the enemy from a strong defile ; a defile, gentlemen, is a hollow betwixt two impassable mountains. I had only one hundred men to perform this, and the devil a cannon would the general allow me, though he knew the enemy had six pieces at the mouth of the defile. Courage, gentlemen, is not the only thing required in a commander. What the devil would it signify to have led my hundred brave fellows to be blown to pieces ; damme, that would have been dash without spunk. Guess now what I did ; but no—you can't guess—it requires knowledge in the military line to guess my stratagem. I seized a country fellow,  
Friend,

Friend, says I, conduct me to the top of yonder mountain. God blefs your honour, says he, it's not possible ! no human creature but goats ever get there : Then, gentlemen, I took my purse in my left-hand, and a pistol in my right ; chuse, says I, one is thy portion : If I get to the top, this ; if not, this. At length I conquered the obstinate old block. I divided my force into two equal parts, and, leaving half to stay below with proper orders, I ascended the hill with the rest, and in four hours, climbing perpendicular precipices thirty yards high, thro' briars and brambles, I got to the summit without the loss of a man. By the way we caught four goats. You will wonder why, gentlemen ; I'll tell you : I ordered dry gorze bushes to be tied to their tails, set them on fire—tumbled them headlong into the defile—and a score of rocks after them—set up a military shout—and poured a volley of shot amongst them. Zounds, gentlemen, it was glorious—it was great—what confusion followed in the defile.



defile. By G—d, it was clear in twenty minutes; I gave the signal. My men below entered the defile—seized the six pieces, and turned them against the enemy. See now, gentlemen, how merit is treated in the service. The army applauded me to the skies: The general never noticed the affair, by G—d. Here was a moment of pause, the opportunity of which the Scotchman took to thank the young gentleman for the entertainment he had given the company. “I says he ha’ been a muckle traveller, but I ne’er speered the lik o’you, Sir.” The officer, for the first time, seemed pleased to listen. “It canno’ be denied, continues the Scotchman, that the army is the school for fine gentlemen; for where else is the academy at which ye could have obtained this rapid everlasting eloquence? Where else could ye ha’ got compleat maister o’that fine figure the hyperbole? Where else could ye ha’ learned to swear wi’ sic’ a grace? But ’gin you weell pardon my freedom, Sir, in one thing, I think,

think, you fail : A little common sense, gude Sir, is the thing wanting to mak you compleat."

" Sir, says the officer."

" Not, continues the Scotchman, that it is absolutely requisite ; many a narration gangs on weel enough without it, but a leetel would na' be ameefts."

" Sir, says the officer, with a tremendous frown, do you insinuate, damme, Sir, do you insinuate, Sir, that I want common sense ?"

No, Sir—no—I do not mean that ye *want* it ; but that it would no' do you mickle harm 'gin ye had it : It would be a vary pretty addition to your aither accomplishments."

A half stifled laugh around the room increased the officer's fury. " Hell and the devil! says he; have I fought my country's

country's battles in America, to come home to be insulted by a lousy Scotchman?"

"I canna' speer how you mustak the matter so widely. Sure I na mane to insult the mon I admire so much. A jontleman o' sic spunk and dash! a jontleman that wants na but common sense to mak him compleat."

"Zounds! says the officer, it is not to be borne. Follow me out, Sir!"

"I wou'd do any thing raisonable to oblige you, Sir; but to what purpose?"

"To 'give me a gentleman's satisfaction."

"But, Sir, ye wud na condescend to measure your valour with a lousy Scotchman?"

"No man shall affront me with impunity; and, by G—d, Sir, I insist upon satisfaction."

"My



"My trad, Sir, is felling thread and lace: If you want any thing in that way, I shall be proud to oblige you."

"None of your damn'd evasions, Sir, I bear the King's commission, and insist upon your answering me with sword or pistol."

"I have a profound veneration for common sense, otherwise I shud na ha presumed to recommend it to you, Sir; and I shud shew it but leetel respect, 'gin I were to fight a mon at his own weapons. Mine, gud Sir, are the yard and scissars."

"Then I'll shew you, says the officer, how a cowardly scoundrel ought to be treated," moving towards him.

The Scotchman was taking a pinch of snuff, and when the officer was within proper distance, threw the whole contents of the mull into his eyes. The officer was obliged to retreat to his chair, where  
he

he kept swearing, threatening, and clearing his eyes of snuff. When he was in a condition for action, he seemed inclined to begin it; but the Scotchman, having armed himself with the poker, cried out, it's high time this farce should have an eend. "'Gin you wull sit doon quietly, and lete the company enjoy themselves, it's aw well; 'gin ye wull not, I shall move to ha' you expelled; and if you offer any rudeness, by Chreest, I'll spleet your scull."

The Scot was a raw-boned, lusty fellow, the officer slender; perhaps the latter considered this, and suffered himself to be something pacified. "Gentlemen, says he, addressing the company, do you countenance such usage? If you do, let me tell you, you don't know how a gentleman ought to be treated."

"Not we, indeed, replied one of the members, we are a club of humble tradesmen, and know our distance. We don't  
aspire

JAMES WALLACE. 139

aspire to the honour of keeping gentlemen company. I believe, Sir, that you came amongst us at all, is more owing to your gracious condescension than to our ambition."

A general smile succeeded. The officer threw down his shilling, damned the company for low-lived scoundrels, threatened the Scotchman, and departed. We have seen him no more.

Adieu,

JAMES WALLACE.

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JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELsus HOLMAN.

*Carlisle, August 25, 1787.*

THE person of our society, most gratified by the flight of the soldier, was a Mr. Dibble, the pretty gentleman of



of the club, before the officer's intrusion, but since very much eclipsed. Mr. Dibble inherits from his Father £150 a year, has some vanity, and a great deal of indolence. He detests business, and thinks the first felicity of life is to have nothing to do. He seems to court my acquaintance, and has introduced me to a job in the law way, which, being my first essay, you ought to know its success.

The mercer with whom he deals, having looked over his ledger, found in it certain half-forgotten debts, which he more desired than hoped to recover. At the instance of Mr. Dibble, he put one of them into my hands; I wrote as usual a letter of demand, which producing no answer, I sent for a writ. The man, a journeyman stone-cutter, was arrested at break of day, and carried to the bailiff's house; there I found my victim, half stupid, half desperate; his eyes fixed now on the floor; by and by lifted to the ceiling, and calling out sometimes upon Christ Jesus, and sometimes upon his dear Molly!

“ Friend,

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" Friend, said I, how do you propose to pay this debt ?"

" Me, master, answered the man; I can as soon eat Carlisle castle. I got into Mr. Dilworth's debt many years ago when I had money, and had no children; but my Mother had a twelvemonth's illness, and the doctor and potticarry took all; then my wife took to breeding, and that's expensive, master."

" Have you many children ?"

" Six, master; wife almost at down-lying with seventh. What can I do, master with twelve shillings a week? Lord of Heaven be merciful to 'em! They must go to parish, poor souls, while I'm in jail! Christ Jesus!"

For a moment, Holman, I cursed the mercer, and despised myself. I stole away, and ran to the man's house; Two female neighbours were holding the  
man's

man's wife in strong convulsions. A third had the two youngest children on her lap; the rest were screaming, and hiding themselves in corners. The gossips were heartily giving the mercer, the bailiff, and the lawyer, to the devil.—I flew to my lodgings, took out thy bill, dear Holman, changed it at a banker's, run back to the bailiff's house, and told the man I had met a friend of his who had paid the debt; bid him run home to comfort his wife, and went with the bailiff to the mercer, where I discharged the debt and costs: So ended my first essay.

In the mean time Mr. Dibble has undertaken to introduce me into genteel life, and has taken infinite pains to convince me that this is absolutely essential to success in the law, and that to dress with elegance is absolutely essential to this; and can I justify throwing away my friend's benefactions in trifles? I yield with reluctance as far as I dare yield.

Adieu,

JAMES WALLACE.



PARACELSUS HOLMAN,

T O

JAMES WALLACE.

*Allington, August 31, 1787.*

UNHAPPY young man ! What malignant star made thee a lawyer !

Be under no anxiety about my benefaction, as you call it, dear Wallace. To part with superfluous dross, is surely the least kind office of friendship. Never shall I think I fulfil the duties of that sacred name, till I —, but no matter ; my cogitations are embryos yet, and may be abortive.

My Mother died a fortnight since ; my Father —, nothing. I am at present involved in some care, and more business. Continue your communications to your

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN,

*Carlisle, Sept. 9, 1787.*

**M**AY every event of thy life, dear Holman, bring a comfort to thy existence, or yield thee a consolation.

Since my last I have had some small increase of business; none yet that has been too lucrative.

A tradesman, pleased with my success, in the mercer's case, put into my hand an affair something more complicated than common: It is a case, not of debt contracted by the defendant, but of reipondency. According to the plaintiff's account, the matter is clear against the defendant; nor is the latter poor, but rich,

rich, and full of defiance. The trial comes on at next assizes.—A labourer of Borfield brought me a letter, which I copy for your edification.

Dear Sir,

EVER since you left Borfield I've had a dog's life; Mother growling, and telling about the honour of the family. Father would be o' my side if he wa'nt so hen-pecked: Brother daren't meddle, cause he hears enuff of Rachel; so I'm forced to bear all, and it's all about my having a kindness for you. What if I has, I need not be ashamed to own it, why should I, when I means nothing but what's lawful? And if I likes you, and you likes me, why can't we come together? But if you can't take a fancy to me, there's an end on't, and no harm done. I hear you be set up at Carlisle; now I shud like to live at Carlisle, for I hates this house, it's so glum; one don't see a pack o' cards once a week hardly.

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H

Father



Father would forgive us as soon as look at us, for I knows he's a good opinion of you, tho' he daren't say so; and then we should have money enough, and live like ourselves; so if you thinks fit send me a letter, and if you wants money, I've almost a hundred pounds which I saved out of my earnings; so you sees how froogal I be, which is all at present from your loving friend,

MARY GAMIDGE.

No; whilst I have youth, health, and common understanding, my fortune can never be so desperate as to force me into voluntary misery. No—I will play no mean, no clandestine part: Howsoever low I may be stationed in the drama of life, let me play it well; let me preserve that firm elastic tone to the mind, which enables it to spring against the accidents of life, which rectitude alone can give, and guilt alone destroy.—In consequence of this soliloquy I returned the following answer.

Madam,

Madam,

To betray you into an alliance with poverty, would be to repay your kindness with ingratitude. My fortune is too low, my prospects too unsettled, to invite Miss Gamidge to partake them. After returning thanks for her kind regard, the best advice I can give her is, to forget the unfortunate

JAMES WALLACE.

I felt myself no hero in writing this, dear Holman ; I practised no self-denial. Had she been at once rich, handsome, and sensible, would my candour have been strong enough to have refused the blessing ? At how easy a rate, sometimes, are we virtuous, honest, honourable ?

Adieu,

JAMES WALLACE.

PARACELUS HOLMAN,

T O

JAMES WALLACE.

*Allington, Sept. 16, 1787.*

I WROTE you a hasty billet on the second instant, just to inform you I was in existence. I now write another to satisfy myself about yours. Omissions with me are regular things, but with James Wallace they are ominous. Of myself I have little to say, except that I have purchased a fourth share in a neighbouring glass-house with my aunt's £ 2,000, which is to be turned into an half, whenever I can leave Allington and my present business, to bestow my undivided attention upon the conduct and improvement of this manufactory.

This is my wish, my prayer ; my Father opposes it every way, except the way  
of



of kindness, the only one likely to prevail. We are but so, so. An expression of my Mother's on her death-bed hangs heavy on me; she was in a sleep, something broken and disturbed. "Poor Wallace! says she. Don't tell me of fire, Mr. Holman; it's all nonsense. We shall ruin our poor souls;" this in broken starts. On her waking, she was seized with that paralysis that ended her life; she never spoke more.

James Wallace, I do not love my Father. Thy pious hairs will stand erect at this bold sentiment, but I cannot avoid the feeling; all I can do is, to be an hypocrite with my friend, and avoid the expression.

Farewell,

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

*Carlisle, Sept. 25, 1787.*

**I** ANSWER your friendly billet, dear Holman, in the utmost haste, being this instant going to take boat to a Scotch vessel lying at the river mouth, and bound for France. The reason of this I will write you at my leisure. Alas! dear Holman, I have been sick, and in prison. Fortune sported with my birth, and seems disposed to sport with me through life—but not in smiles.

Friend of my soul,

My only friend,

Farewell,

JAMES WALLACE.

JAMES

JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

*At Sea, October 1, 1787.*

NOW, dear Holman, I proceed to inform you of my faults, my follies, and my misfortunes. I mentioned in my last a cause of respondentia to be tried at the assizes; it was not heard. The attorney for the defendant took advantage of a trivial error in point of form, and obtained a nonsuit. The lawyers laughed, the plaintiff was enraged, and I was undone. The stone-cutter too, whom I had bribed to be silent, out of the fullness of his heart, intrusted the secret with a friend, and as it was an affair not very common, it circulated in a few days through the town. The lawyers laughed still louder, and the benevo-



lence of the thing, if there were any, was lost in the folly.

In the mean time Mr. Dibble's persuasions, assisted by my own vanity, had betrayed me into the too prevalent and foolish custom of laying out that money in frippery, which, in circumstances like mine, ought to have been applied solely to the support of life and industry. By this I had incurred a debt at the mercer's of £20, or near it; and having lent Mr. Dibble twice ten guineas, for the poor young man had met with disappointments, having lived also little upon roots and water, thy money, dear Holman, was frittered away, and a number of small debts contracted to the amount of a dozen pounds. This was my situation at the close of the assizes.

It was evident I had no further prospect at Carlisle, but, were it honesty or pride; I could not for a moment bear the thought of quitting it in debt: I had but one way

to

to get out. I called into my assistance a worthy pawnbroker, and by the sale of all my wardrobe, but the necessary, I raised fifteen pounds. For the payment of the mercer I had destined the twenty guineas, lent my elegant friend; I believe my elegant friend foresaw it, and chose this time for a journey to Newcastle. I requested the mercer to accept a draft upon him; the mercer, with all possible complaisance, desired to be excused. I assured him frankly I had no other way to pay him. The mercer, always polite, wondered gentlemen would be so indiscreet as to lend money, when they had none to lend: "But, I suppose, Sir, says he, you have his note?"

"Indeed, I have not; nor once thought of asking for one."

"I suppose, Sir, you thought it would be ungentleel, and to be sure it is too generally thought ungentleel to be prudent. You have other debts beside mine?"

H 5

"None,

"None, Sir ; I had, to the amount of twelve pounds, all which I have discharged."

"I am sorry, Sir, you should think it necessary to distinguish me so particularly."

"Could I possibly suppose you would refuse a draft upon a man of Mr. Dibble's consequence and fortune?"

"It is the easiest thing in the world, Sir, for one gentleman to draw a draft upon another, but not so easy to make him pay it."

"Do you doubt his honour, Sir, or my veracity?"

"Sir, it is not my business to doubt either. Mr. Dibble is undoubtedly a man of honour ; but does honour oblige him to pay his debts ? And as to his fortune, Sir, it is not my business to insinuate any thing to the disadvantage of a gentleman's



man's fortune; and as to your veracity, Sir, I have not the least imaginable doubt of your veracity, Sir; but to be frank and ingenuous—you know, Mr. Wallace, you are an entire stranger here—suppose now I should accept your note; suppose Mr. Dibble inclined to disown the debt; you will have left the country, what shall I do then? Not that I have the least doubt either of his honour or your veracity; but caution, Mr. Wallace, caution ought to be a tradesman's motto; and really we tradesmen in the higher lines see strange things, Mr. Wallace, extraordinary things! I would not offend any gentleman, but great caution, Sir, or great loss."

"I am quite unprepared to answer these arguments, Mr. Clair; all that I can say is, I would pay you if I knew how. Will you write, Mr. Dibble; I will wait the answer."

"Excuse me, Sir—it is not my business to take upon me to put impertinent questions

questions to gentlemen: Besides, Sir, to be frank, I should prefer any other mode of payment to Mr. Dibble's; for, Sir, if Mr. Dibble can pay you twenty pounds, he can pay me twenty pounds; and I had rather receive it on my own account than yours. Mr. Dibble is pretty deep in my books, Mr. Wallace."

"Well, Mr. Clair, what can I do? I have no other money."

"You have friends, Sir, I presume, relations?"

"None, Sir; I have no relation, no family."

"Really, Mr. Wallace—this is—extra—ordi—nary. It is quite repugnant to my nature to speak to any person in harsh terms; but, I presume—only put the supposition—if I were to throw you in jail—would it not make you think of ways and means to get out?"

"I cannot have a greater desire to pay you in jail than I have out, perhaps not so great; but do with me what you please."

"Have you no sort of property, Mr. Wallace? A superfluity of cloaths at least, I presume? You have dressed well."

"That superfluity is gone to pay the small debts I mentioned."

"That was a partial honesty, I think. You might have considered they came originally out of my shop."

"I have told you on what I depended for your payment."

"Humph. — What is to be done?"

"I know not; but it is so debasing a circumstance to leave a place in debt, that if you could use my service to any advantage, I would be your servant till the debt was paid, with all my heart."

"You



"You are a lawyer?"

"I renounce the law for ever, sensible that, utterly without interest as I am, I stand no chance of success. It is true; I have learned no other trade; but in learning arithmetic, I have learnt the elements of all. I understand book-keeping, and can boldly answer for diligence and integrity."

The mercer, seeing no other way by which he could hope to recover his money, consented that I should come into the shop, do what I could, and keep his books; and that this might be real profit to him, he discharged an inferior journeyman to make room for me. In the shop I learned to be useful soon; and in my other occupation, I obtained Mr. Clair's thanks for the order into which I put his accounts. These were, indeed, much behind hand, and constantly confused, which was owing to Mr. Clair's increasing wealth, to the increasing indolence which  
sometimes

sometimes accompanies wealth, and to another circumstance which my story renders it necessary to mention.

Mr. Clair was a bachelor, and one of his maids was young, tolerably handsome, and very vain. I had not been in the house a fortnight, before I perceived he was as much enamoured as a man who loved money above all things could well be ; but Sally, brought up in the fear of God and man, resisted the little liberties he was inclined to take, and put on a proper degree of indignation. The chastest ear, however, when exposed to frequent impressions, sends the angry vibrations to the heart duller and more dull ; and at length, such is human mechanism, sends vibrations of pleasure. So seemed it to fare with Sally ; and I, the young and foolish knight-errant of chastity, must take it into my virtuous head, that seduction of young women was no benefit to society, and that it was a duty incumbent upon every good mind to prevent it when he was able.

“ Sally,

"Sally, says I, one evening, whilst her lips were still red with Mr. Clair's vivid affection, I suppose I must call you mistress soon?"

*"Would that displease you, Mr. Wallace?"*

*"No Sally; every thing that does you good, would give me pleasure."*

"Thank you, Mr. Wallace; and I'm sure I wish you as well as you do me."

"Thank you, Sally; you are a kind, good girl, and it would be a thousand pities you should not always be as virtuous as pretty."

"Do you think my virtue in danger, Mr. Wallace?"

"No, Sally; I dare say Mr. Clair loves you honourably."

Sally blushed.

"If



"If he did not, I think you would not give him the hearing. There is no young woman would lose her virtue, if she considered what she lost along with it. It's a sad thing, Sally, to lose the esteem of good people, and one's own. Money will not make amends for this, Sally; it may purchase the appearance of respect, but never the reality."

In this way I talked to Sally sometimes, whilst Mr. Clair talked to her in his. If moral preachments, dear Holman, made upon the minds of the fair sex as strong impressions as flattery, the angels would not fall so frequently. I am afraid, indeed, and faith, Holman, there is no vanity in the fear, that, with regard to Sally, the determining argument on the side of virtue was still wanting. I often talked to Sally of Mr. Clair's love, but never of my own. Weary of doing and undoing, as Penelope served her web, I exerted myself one night with uncommon energy, determined, and hinting

ing to Sally, it should be the last time. The fair one assumed a captivating smile, and asked me why I took such pains with her?—"I don't suppose, says she, as you have any thoughts of me?"

"None, Sally; but what angels might see without being angry."

"I can make nothing out of that; but if I thought you had any thoughts ——."

"What then, Sally?"

"All the masters in the world, if they were ever so generous, should never persuade me to nothing but what was right, if ——."

"If what, Sally?"

"If —— I told you before —— if I thought you had any thoughts of me."

"I am not in circumstances to marry, Sally; if I were, I should be cautious of  
marrying

marrying a woman I was obliged to persuade to be virtuous."—I ought not to have said this; Sally did not deserve it: Nor do I wonder at the consequences, when I consider how directly it goes to the heart, especially of a woman, to have kindness treated with scorn.

Sally, without a word, bounced off indignantly. The next morning a city officer did me the favour to wait upon me with a *capias*, and conducted me to prison: There I had ample leisure for reflection, and, as people in misfortune usually do, I began to think Providence had not dealt kindly by me. I considered myself as deserted by my parents, brought up, as far as I know, by the charity of your Father; but, as far as I can remember, uncared for by any human being; sent into the world young, simple, and sincere; and meeting every step I take with cunning, with misfortune, and disappointment! But with this proneness to complaint, it is impossible for a reflecting mind



mind not to see how much of our worldly calamities is owing to human conventions, to human arrangements — how little to nature ! Why then arraign its author ? Nature every where combines her elements, and gives, at the price of a little, little labour, the produce to the whole animal race. Kings, lords and lawyers, are made by man.

Mr. Paracelsus Holman, you are a physician ; you know the heart contracts and dilates, and you call it the origin of circulation, the spring of life ; but do you know the origin of that strong propensity in man to console himself, and be happy, even in a jail. At first, indeed, I was filled with horror and anxiety ; but I found them painful, too painful, to be long borne. I asked if philosophy was good for nothing ? If I had read Cicero and Seneca in vain ? At length I enquired why I inflicted upon myself, my innocent self, a punishment ten times as great as man could inflict ? My speculations were  
not

not in vain. I became easy, almost "careless of life, and all its issues," and consequently dead to the paltry distinctions and suggestions of pride. About the time, when I had reflected myself into this state of mind, a young gentleman was brought in, who seemed to be the first philosopher in the world, if it is the first philosophy to bear calamity well. He entered humming a tune, and was taken into the best room of the jailor's house: "And this is your best apartment, my buck, says he?" "It is, Sir, answered the keeper."

"Then bring me a bottle of your best wine."

"What sort, Sir?"

"French or Spanish, Sir? No man of taste drinks Portuguese now. That damned dog of a Bum that nabbed me, took me into a dark hole four feet square, and called it a parlour; and instead of  
Calcavalla,

Calcavalla, brought me raisin; so I refused to pay a shilling, and forced the dog to bring me hither, where, I suppose, I can have good usage."

"The best in my power, Sir."

"Then, Sir, the best gold in my pocket shall be at your service! What is your name, old boy?"

"Freeman, Sir."

"Freeman — good — a damned good name for a jailor. Well—Freeman—hast thou got ever a poor sensible dog now, that has not been long enough in thy clutches to be corrupted—for I am a damned virtuous, moral fellow, and would not keep company with a dirty rascal that robs a hen-roost: And don't let him be lousy, Freeman; none of your felons though, Mr. Jailor, except he has robbed a church, or the bishop's palace."

"I



“ I have nobody that I can recommend to you, Sir, except one Mr. Wallace, a lawyer ——.”

“ Wallace!—Oh!—I’ve heard of him—the very man.”

When I was introduced to this volatile genius, he looked at me, as Mr. Lavatar might have done; and then shaking me familiarly by the hand, said, you have disappointed me, Wallace. I expected to see a fellow with an extraordinary aspect, one that looked as no man ever looked before. *Tout au contraire*; but for the dismal in it, thou hast a fine open countenance; nothing of that obliquity and queerness in it that would make one suspect thee of folly, and yet thou art accused of egregious lack of wisdom. Ruin thyself by paying other mens debts! Unbound too! From pure pity and benevolence! An odd turn, sure enough! Now I never had a taste for paying debts (my own, or any body’s else) debts of honour excepted;

excepted; and that is the very reason I am here. My liquor-merchant, my mercer, and my bookseller, have all clubbed, I believe, for a writ, hoping thereby to convert me to wisdom and sobriety; but did the puppies ever know a young fellow of fashion and five and twenty, wise and sober? Time — time — Mr. Wallace, would have made me a fine moral agent. Threescore years and ten brings a man to repentance; not but if I had paid these moral scoundrels what I owed them, and had departed this sinful world the next hour, they would have cared a farthing whether I had taken the road to Elysium, or the burning lake.

I own I was not enchanted with this first specimen of Mr. Scovel's eloquence and mode of thinking; but I had not kept him company three days, before I discovered that he had genius and learning; that he was more in the exercise of wit than judgment; and that the most predominant feature in his character was a giddy,

giddy, but good-natured, thoughtlessness, which led him to squander without hesitation, and to say, and to do, perhaps, any thing, or every thing, which whim, fancy, or frolic, suggested. Whatsoever conversation we happened to fall into, I took the liberty to speak my sentiments as freely as if I paid for the wine I drank; which, in truth, I was unable to do, and therefore drank as little as possible under such importunity.

By ox-eyed Juno, says he once, such morality as thine, most grave and philosophic Wallace, did my very reverend tutor endeavour to instil into my cerebrum; but it all lodged betwixt the scull and pia-mater, and when it will get into the pulp, Heaven knows! Thy soul, I see, is sick of many things:—Of bucks and gamesters—of lords with buck-skin breeches—of Kings without dignity—of statesmen without integrity—of lawyers without honesty—of priests without religion. Alas! poor youth! in the midst



of this atrocious world thy sickness is incurable, and the best thing I can wish thee is a jail for life.

One day, whilst we were engaged in disputing, Mr. Merrick was announced, and immediately introduced. I rose to go. Stay awhile, says Scovel, and hear your reasoning confuted. Sir, says he, I beg leave to recommend this young gentleman to your notice. He was a lawyer, Sir ; but being convicted of dishonesty, was expelled the profession, and retired hither to indulge in wisdom, and moralize without restraint. He has just been endeavouring to convince me, that morality, where common or statute law is not the basis, is built upon sand ; and that the priesthood—which I take to be blasphemy without benefit of clergy—the priesthood, dear tutor, spoils all it touches.

My business here, Mr. Scovel, says Mr. Merrick, gravely, is not now to resume the hopeless plan of your amendment ;  
that

that must be the work of a superior Being, if any being but the Omnipotent can effect it. My business now is—the more hopeful intention of packing me off to the Continent, or to the devil, says our too-flighty genius; but where are my appointments? Faith, tutor, I believe I am undone, and when I'm sure of it, I'm for the coup de grace; for dam me if I will live a despised scoundrel, or eat toads for any lord on earth.

“ I would advise you against this coup de grace, replied Mr. Merrick, were it only for the bare possibility of your having formed an erroneous opinion. Should there happen to be a deity, what might become of you?”

“ Why, my dear Reverend, did you ever hear me dispute it? Of that I am as much convinced as your pious self; but you must give me leave to doubt, whether you parsons are the sole interpreters of his will, or that you know him a single iota better than myself.”

“Whatsoever opinions we have each formed upon this, or any matter, conviction of their fallhood is not to come from you to me, or go from me to you; let us therefore leave this fruitless opposition, and come to the business which brought me here. Your brother, from a calculation formed upon the list of debts you sent him, and from your steward’s accounts, finds the whole of your ample fortune reduced within the compass of two hundred pounds a year. He offers to take your property as it stands, paying all your debts, and allow you five hundred pounds a year for life—provided you spend that life abroad—or so much of it, till he is convinced he can embrace a brother without blushing.”

“Why what have I done, dear Dad, to deserve such solemn reproof? Treat me as a lunatic, if you please, but not as a felon. It is true, I have run horses at Newmarket; I have shaken my elbows at Brooke’s; but there is nothing in the

Ten



Ten Commandments against them. Perhaps, I may have kissed my neighbour's daughter, and there may be a clause in the decalogue against it; but it was loving my neighbour as myself, and, I hope, the evil may be pardoned for the sake of the good. It is true also, I lost or spent my fortune; but this was accident, not design, and therefore ought not to be imputed to me as a fault."

The parson smiled—"Ay now, says Scovel, I recognize something of my kind tutor: And how does Sir Andrew, my brother? and my sister, his fair spouse? I acknowledge his goodness, Sir, and yours: Perhaps I may accede to his proposals; but I request the favour of this night to consider of it, and to consult my counsel here, learned in the law. In the mean time, my dear Dad, be merry, and take sack; and may the Angel of good dreams dispel the gloom from your reverend aspect, that I may see in the morning my old good tutor, whom I reverence in spite of my folly."

"Alas! says Mr. Merrick, that so much knowledge should be debased by so much ignorance; so much good be mingled with so much evil!"

"My dear, Sir—the apostrophe will suit all people that on earth do dwell; for what is the race of man but Babouc's image?"

Mr. Merrick shook his head.

"Before I bid you good-night, continues Mr. Scovel, let me recommend it to you to enquire the character of this young man. If I migrate, I hope to persuade him to do himself the honour to clean my shoes; but more of this in the morning."

When Mr. Merrick was gone, Scovel explained to me the state of his affairs, and said, that his brother Sir Andrew, being a penurious man, with little more to support him than ten thousand a year; and having a  
wife

wife to maintain, and two small children, his proposal was more advantageous than he could reasonably expect: He determined, therefore, upon the acceptance, and was disposed to retire into France, live frugally and virtuously, if he was able, and wait events; for he had an uncle, whose favourite he once was, and might be again. He then made me the proposal of going along with him, for a year or so, till I had forgot the past, and formed a plan for the future: "Not, says he, that I can promise you any great emoluments, for my finances will not be sufficient to support you as a friend; but any thing is better than a jail. Had you a prospect, I should be ashamed to make you the proposal; but, although I am under the necessity of taking you out externally as a servant, internally I design you as a friend.—Consider of it."

I did so, dear Holman. Servitude, no doubt, appeared a bitter pill; but it was balanced by freedom: This, I believe, is



Irish, and I leave you to make it English, if you can. The idea of seeing the world flattered my inclinations, and that of taking away a burden from my friend was kindly to my peace. Yes—dear Holman, I durst not trust you with my misfortunes, and my imprisonment, till I was out of your reach.

Not to detain you with trifles, Mr. Merrick returned next morning, and was pleased to say, that he had heard in general I was a well-disposed young man, and if I was to attend his pupil, he would release me from prison. I signified my consent.

“ You would be delighted, Sir, with the good you were doing, says my wild master, if you did but know it. Over and above the little services he will have the goodness to perform for me, I shall have a monitor in him, a monitor who will revive your pious opinions in my memory. How would you rejoice to hear the

JAMES WALLACE. 177

the Arian rogues and the Socinians, who now inflame you to wrath, and harden the down of your cushion, laid sprawling, and the church militant triumphant? You would wonder how a young man could be so good.

After a stay of three days, to sign, to seal, and to deliver, we took our station on board the Carse o' Stirling, for Ostend, and are now opposite the Downs. I seal this to be ready for the first opportunity, and will write again from the first town of France that gives me leisure.

Dear friend, adieu,

JAMES WALLACE.

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*Abbeville, October 9, 1787.*

**I**S it because I plan with folly, and execute with ignorance, that no design of mine, proud or humble, should succeed? Or is it an article in the book of fate,  
15 that

that no one of the scattered favours of fortune should fall upon my head ? I am at this instant, dear Holman, almost as much a wretch as guilt could make me ; yet have all my poor endeavours been exerted on the side of virtue.

Every day's acquaintance with Mr. Scovel convinced me, that to unravel his character was the most difficult of enigma's. Now entering into metaphysical or mathematical disquisitions, with the penetration of a Newton or a Locke ; now drinking flip, and talking the gross language of the stewards with the illiterate captain, or the lowest of the crew. Now a theologist, with ideas of the deity as sublime as ever entered human imagination ; now an atheist affirming matter and motion to have been eternal, and the uniformity we behold with admiration, the effect of this matter and motion having combined in every possible form, and consequently of finding, amidst them all, the forms immutable. You, dear Holman, who know  
my



my reverence for the Supreme, will know my disgust, my horror, at a blasphemy so absurd; nor did I fail to defend the heavenly attributes, or spare Mr. Scovel's absurdities. Amidst all this I was still treated kindly, and his commands, in quality of master, were delicate, and as much as possible concealed. Though we had contention and argument, we had no quarrel till some time after our arrival at this town, where we settled for the winter, after having searched the country for a rural situation for the coming summer.

“ Here we took lodgings, in which, when it suited Mr. Scovel's humour, for he now began to be capricious, we might be as familiar as he pleased, without observation. I offended him sometimes by chusing to be sober, when he chose to be drunk, and yet I carried my complaisance in this particular as far as health and disgust would permit: But a far greater offence was my determination, to have nothing to do with women, whose favours

were to be bought for *un ecu*; nor, for still stronger reasons, with those whose virtuous principles it was first necessary to undermine. On this head we wearied each other with mutual complaints and mutual revilings; after which we returned to mutual good-humour.

There was in the town a very pretty girl, the daughter of a watch-maker, who worked at his trade above-stairs, whilst she kept shop below. With this girl he commenced an amour, under the name and title of Lord Stainmore, an English baron; but knowing my damned delicacy, as he was pleased to call it, it was not till the amour was very far advanced that he chose to communicate it to me. An elopement was agreed upon, and nothing but my assistance was wanting for the execution.

Scovel took once a pliant hour; or one he thought so, for persuasion; and, having rallied me with his usual success upon the exquisite

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exquisite sensibility of my morals, asked where was the mighty harm done to society when two people, of different sexes, chose to live their own way ?

“ He, says I, who sets an example of manners repugnant to the laws of his country, sets a bad example ; for he endeavours to introduce confusion instead of order.”

“ No — by Pyramus and Thisbe — it would introduce freedom instead of slavery. Look round upon all animated nature ; see the freedom which reigns every where except amongst mankind. Now tell me, patriarch Wallace, out of your Bible, if you can speak out of your Bible, why man, the lord of the creation, should not be as free as his pigs ?”

“ This natural liberty man agrees to restrain, for the sake of order, tranquility, for all the endearing charities, for all the paternal, all the social affections — and amply he gains by the exchange.”

“ That



"That he gains *amply* by the exchange is true, for he gains—a wife—a perpetual clog that hangs about his neck like a millstone—that fills his days with brawls, and his nights with embraces, repeated till they sicken; that fills his head too with perpetual alarms. No—"I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon."

Of all the difficulties I have yet experienced, the greatest is, to induce a man to reason, when he had rather laugh; who answers argument with wit, and seriousness with joke. I attempted it upon the present occasion in vain; but when he spoke to me of the elopement, and of my assistance, I told him, without hesitation, I could not afford him any: Then he could become serious enough. It was not my business, he said, to enquire into the motive of his orders. Whilst I was his servant I owed him duty and gratitude, considering whence he took me, ought to oblige me to pay it him with eagerness and alacrity.

I answered, it was the servant's privilege in all countries where slavery was abolished, to quit his service when it became too heavy to be borne; and that, in my opinion, nothing was so heavy to be borne as a command to do evil: I requested, therefore, my dismissal, and asked no more of him than a bare sufficiency to return to England.

I have seen, and sometimes felt, the operation of passion; but never before did I see the human face and mind so deformed by it: Nay, indeed, it rose to such a pitch, he struck me; so far, I had endeavoured to be cool; but at this provocation, wisdom, philosophy, reflection, fled, and I was master of nothing but muscular motion, which I exerted rather to Mr. Scovel's annoyance. We were, however, soon separated by the master of the house and servants, and I withdrew to cool myself at leisure.

At my levee the next morning, I found an officer of the police, who demanded my

my company to prison : I enquired why ? Those enquiries, he said, were never answered in France, so that I had nothing to do but wonder and obey.

In this dreary dwelling, dear Holman, I have resided about forty hours, with one louis-d'or in my pocket, and one friend in the world. What I am here for, or how long I am to stay, I know as well as the Madona, which the charity of the jailor's wife has lent me to pray to : But I will not afflict my friend with the knowledge of a misfortune, for which he can only grieve, and therefore will not send this to the post : I believe, indeed, it would not be permitted ; till I can inform him of some change in my condition, which, as I am innocent of all crime, must, I think, soon be for the better.

Till then,

My only friend, adieu,

JAMES WALLACE.



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I am free, my friend ; and, by the liberality of an Englishman, an inhabitant of Liverpool, am enabled to pursue my course to that emporium, where, when I arrive, I will give you a more particular account, and shall then hope for the dear pleasure of embracing you ; till when I am your sincere, though unprofitable, friend,

JAMES WALLACE.

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JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

*Liverpool, October 17, 1787.*

ON the morning of the third day of my durance at Abbeville, the keeper of the prison informed me that, upon paying the usual fees, I was free ; and I am now at liberty to acquaint you, says he, that your master, Lord Stainmore, lodged

lodged a complaint with the first magistrate here against you for having robbed him; and that, when he called you to account, you assaulted and laid violent hands upon him; but the second night after you were committed, lord Stainmore ran away with a watch-maker's daughter, and took the road to Flanders. Mr. Vaughel then thought necessary to enquire, on your account, into circumstances; and, sending for the master of the house where you lodged, learned from him, that he believed you were wholly innocent of what you had been charged with; and that he had all the reason in the world to believe, it was merely a malicious information, because you refused to assist him, and calculated to keep you fast, lest you should have taken some active method to prevent his carrying the girl away. The very handsome character this person gave of you, induced Mr. Vaughel to order your release; and he did it the more readily, because your master's assuming the name of lord Stainmore

more to impose upon the poor girl, denoted him a bad man, and capable of false information; besides, there was no ground of detention, because the informer had run away before he had been examined as to particulars.

See me now, dear Holman, at perfect liberty—to die, for I was wholly unprovided with the means to live. I returned to my lodgings with an intent to sell my cloaths, and was so kindly received by my landlord, that I accepted his invitation to rest myself a few days, and to recover from the agitation the bad treatment I had received must have thrown me into: But it would not do, my friend; my spirits were oppressed beyond the power of my own reflection to relieve, and French hilarity served only to deepen the impression. I became now visibly ill; a yellowness spread over my skin, and gave the disagreeable idea of a lingering disorder. My kind host caught this idea, and assured me that, though it would always  
give



give him the greatest degree of pleasure in the world to accommodate me; yet that now — just at this instant — he was extremely sorry; but he was under the necessity of informing me, that the room I occupied—might be occupied more to his advantage; that for a day or two he did not mind—but he hoped I would not take it ill, for that he would be at all times ready to serve me to the utmost of his power.

You have always told me, dear Holman, and will tell me again, that I have had no real evils in life to complain of; or that they were so inferior to those of thousands of others, that to a philosopher they scarce deserve the name.

What a philosopher might say upon the matter, I know not; but a man—in a foreign country — without a penny, or power to procure one—without spirit—sick—dejected—unknown — unsupported — nay, even unpitied—a man will feel,  
in

in such a situation, in spite of all the powers of poetry, or powers of prose. I did suffer, and I did despond, even to a wish, an earnest wish, that my heart would cease to beat, rather than persist to ach.

Just when I was preparing to leave my landlord's house, and to go I knew not whither, I was enquired for by a stranger, a Mr. Lamounde, of Liverpool. At the inn where he alighted, in the road to Paris, some of the kinder hearts of Abbeville had condescended to mention me, and to lament the hardship to which I had been subjected. He accosted me with infinite sweetness, and, expressing his sorrow for my situation, asked if it lay in his power to serve me, more than by enabling me to return to England. I was not at that time able to give him the satisfaction he seemed to desire, but the little I said interested his curiosity. He took me to the inn, apologised to his company, and made me partake his dinner. It was not that day in the power of  
wine

wine to render me impertinently loquacious and communicative ; so that I only informed him, in general terms, that I was destitute, and had no better prospect than of service ; yet, as I had never been in the service of any one but Mr. Scovel, I had no precedent master to apply to for a recommendation : That, indeed, it was my want of connexion that formed my chief disability, for my education had enabled me to be useful in trade or in office. His obliging enquiries would have drawn from me all I knew of myself ; but the impatience of a young gentleman, his companion, would not permit : He, therefore, wrote a short letter, which he desired me to give as directed ; put into my hands five louis-d'ors, and a ten pound English bank note ; said he should return to England in six or eight months, and hoped to find me in the service of his sister, to whom this letter was a recommendation, and that it might be in his power then to dispose of me more according to my merit. Then stepping into his chaise,



chaife, he left me without a power to thank him.

The next morning, leaving my little portmanteau to come by the Diligence, I fet out to Calais on foot, and reached it by short stages. When I had crossed the Channel, I proceeded in the same manner through the west of England to Liverpool; and, by the exercise, recovered the full possession of my health, my strength, and spirits. — The morning after my arrival here, I went to the house of Paul Lamounde, Esq; and enquiring for Miss Lamounde, to whom my letter was directed, was ordered into the parlour, where she sat at breakfast with her uncle, apparently a peevish old man, and her aunt, Mrs. Rebecca Lamounde, yet in her maiden state. Miss Lamounde, having read her letter, gave it her uncle, observing, that this young man came very opportunely, as William was impatient for his dismissal.

“ Yes,

"Yes, says the old gentleman, nature has denied the fool the head-ach; and, to obtain that agreeable sensation, he takes a wife."

"What is your opinion of my brother's recommendation of this young man?"

"That it is like your brother; eager, impetuous, credulous, perhaps, certainly not half informed." Then addressing me, "So, young man, you have been a traveller; this, I suppose, you consider as a complete recommendation."

"I do not, Sir."

"Why, don't you imagine yourself much improved by it?"

"I have gained some little experience, Sir, no doubt; but, I fear, not of that sort which ought to recommend me to Miss Lamonde's service."

"Very probable. In what situation were you when my nephew found you?"

"Just

"Just released from prison."

"Humph! A commendatory circumstance. Was you in for debt?"

"No, Sir."

"For dexterity—perhaps."

"Sir! says I, starting, and feeling the mantling blood in my cheek. I am poor—unfortunate—and I own have little to recommend me to Miss Lamoude's service. You have a right to reject me, Sir; but, surely, yet you cannot have acquired any to insult me."

Humph! says he, surveying me from head to foot, and walking out of the room without saying a syllable. Miss Lamoude followed. I own, my dear Holman, I had set my heart upon staying in this young lady's service till the return of her brother, who, being a merchant, has the proper power to do me a benefit, and, I  
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am certain, has the will : I therefore trembled with expectation, whilst I waited Miss Lamoude's return ; it was not long. " My uncle, says she, gives me leave to do what I please with regard to you, Mr. Wallace ; and my brother writes so warmly in your favour, that I should do myself a violence were I not to oblige him ; but we don't give high wages, and our servants have no vails. I would not deceive your expectations."

" I am afraid, Madam, you will think any wages too much for one who has every thing to learn. If you will have the goodness to overlook my ignorance, it will be all I have to wish."

" Then you have not been accustomed to service ?"

" No, Madam, it is new to me."

" Then, I fear, it will be irksome."

" You

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"You will not make it so, I am certain, Madam; and, I hope, I have given Mr. Lamounde no serious cause of offence."

"The reply was spirited, no doubt, and, in general, my uncle does not bear contradiction well; but he has too good a heart to do any one an injury on slight grounds of offence."

"I will endeavour to make myself agreeable to him."

"It will be quite proper, and I don't doubt your success."

I settled in the house the same day; and hitherto, dear Holman, so far from having cause to complain, I have abundant cause to rejoice and be happy.

I long to see you,

JAMES WALLACE.

MISS LAMOUNDE,

T O

MISS EDWARDS.

*Liverpool, October 25, 1787.*

YOUR reproaches are unjust, my dear Paulina; there is no day in which I do not think of you, and of the happy hours I have spent in your dear society at the school near Box: But they say all the affections of the soul are strengthened by exercise, as well as all the powers of the body; and, therefore, I hope, I shall never love my Paulina less, because I admit another to share my friendship.

This new friend of mine is a Miss Caroline Thurl, daughter to George Thurl, Esq; of Kirkam, in this county; and as it may be some amusement to you to be informed



informed of the rise of our acquaintance, I will communicate it.

Mr. Havelley Thurl, the only brother of this young lady, did us the favour in January last to appear in our assembly, and, some chance or other, I forgot what, joined us together for partners. Before I proceed in my story, give me leave to speculate a little in the way of digression. At the beginning of this century England was supposed to contain twenty thousand country 'squires, "whose laughs were hearty, though their jokes were coarse," who devoted themselves to the cellar and the chace, and who took care that the eldest son should express the lineaments of his Father in mind and body as much as possible.

It is said, that in the course of the last twenty years this race has entirely disappeared, and divines, and philosophers, as usual, wrangle about the cause. The first ascribe it clearly to the mild influence of

the Christian religion; the other to the influence of wealth upon manners. A penetrating lady here assures me they are both wrong, and that this great and remarkable event is wholly owing to the beneficent race of barbers and hair-dressers. I confess, says she, that these refiners are not always compleat workmen, and that vulgar sentiments, and vulgar words, are now and then, though rare, the lot of a country 'squire.

Mr. Havelley Thurl was heir to £2,000 a year, and to his Father's virtues. The rector of the parish being consulted upon the great and ever-new question, the superiority of public or private education, gave it in favour of the latter, provided the young gentleman could be put under the care of a learned man, rather elderly, who had seen something of life, and who had a friendship for the family. This opinion coincided with Madam Thurl's, and, as all the requisites were to be found in himself alone, he became the private  
tutor

tutor of the heir of George Thurl, Esq. Nor were his pains and trouble unavailing. In spite of the daily avocations of the field; in spite of the care taken by Madam Thurl, that her darling should not be afflicted with learning when his head ached (and the poor youth had the misfortune of an head so irritable, that it would ach at the sight of a book); or when he was too cold or too hot; or when his fine bloom exceeded or fell short of that pure standard, kept in the treasury of her own mind; notwithstanding these, and other impediments, as I have been informed by the learned in such matters, the young 'squire in his twentieth year, was a reader of Cornelius Nepos, and had got seven metamorphoses deep into Ovid. Besides all this, he had been taught to dance by a master of great vigour, and, except the mistaking a few small circumstances of time and place, no man performed with greater execution. The end of an English contra-dance brings young men to a moment of dreadful vacancy,



when it is a piece of indispenfible politeness to entertain their partners with some fmall degree of converfation. — The 'fquire's mind was vacant. A longer interval happened at the end of the third dance ; his diftreff increafed : He looked round him for relief. Mifs Thurl's partner was a well-dreffed youth, who had taken poffeffion of two of her fingers, and faid, or feemed to fay, fomewhat to her in a very engaging manner ; it was pretty, and infpired Mifs Thurl with courage. Mifs, fays he, taking my right-hand with his left, and feparating two fingers for the ufe of converfation — it's desperate hot, Mifs.

Pretty well for January, answered I, ftealing my fingers away. The dialogue ftopped. The 'fquire wiped his forehead, to prove the truth of the propofition, and the mufic ftruck up a new dance.

It feemed probable the young gentleman's mouth would clofe for the evening ;  
but .

but my curiosity being excited, I was inclined to open it: At the next vacation, therefore, I touched his hand gently, and began to admire a small slip of embroidery that bordered his waistcoat. 'Tis it pure and pretty, Miss, said he? My sister worked it. Look you—that's she—six couple above. I wish you would come and see my sister, Miss. There is not a kinder hearted lass, though I say it that should not say it, in all Lancashire; no more pride in her than in a besom's tail. Do come, Miss. Father has got gout, and Mother t' asthma; so they keeps above stairs, and sister and I have got the house to ourselves. We'll be as merry as merry can be.

As I made no answer to this kind and polite invitation, the 'squire supposed I wanted intreaty; and for an irresistible inducement, promised, if I would come whilst the hunting season lasted, that, bar frost, I should have a day or two's sport out with the hounds; and that I should ride his sister's Little Gipsy, that cleared

a hedge almost as well as his brown gelding, Whitefoot.

“ Does Miss Thurl hunt, Sir ? ”

“ No—she never took kindly to’t ; for once Gipsy run away with her, and cleared hedge and ditch ; only her foot slipt, and so tumbled sifter heels o’er head, swat o’th’ ground. Mass, it was a comical fight ! I’d like to burst with laughing.”

“ Was she hurt, Sir ? ”

“ No—not she—why she fell in a quag. Only frightened out of her senses, and mortal angry at me for laughing ; but who could help it ? So ever since she has taken to your play books, and novel books. Now I can’t fancy these, Miss ; they be all stories from one end to t’other. As how Mr. Thingumbob falls in love wi’ Miss What’s her name. How they be crossed in love ! How Mr. Such a one

runs



runs away with her. Then comes Thing-umbob flap, and kills him. Then Father and Mother comes to; so they be married, and there's an end on't."

The 'squire's dumbness was now changed to a loquacity that seemed to know no bounds. He even arrived at gallantry, and told me, barring his sister, I was the prettiest girl, and best dancer, in all the assembly.

The next morning he performed the antient etiquette of waiting upon his partner to breakfast; and, to convince me he was as hearty as polite, he asked for a slice of ham, or cold roast beef, just to clap between two pieces of bread and butter; else, says he, "it's gone by noon, and I'm ready to eat my nails."

After breakfast my uncle withdrew to the 'compting-house, and my aunt to her household avocations; when the 'squire, drawing his chair closer to mine—now,

Miss, says he, that the old folks be gone, I'm minded to tell you a piece o' my mind; it's about a dream as I had last night: I thought that I was fallen downright hard and fast in love, and you may guess with who; so I sweet-hearted you, and I thought you was main shy at first; but I brought you to for all that, and so we was to be married. I think I never was so happy in all my born days, and I wakened all of a sweat for joy. Now, Miss, I could no go to sleep again for thinking on't; and I do verily believe, if you'll give consent, as it may be brought about. Father, mayhap, at first will pout a bit, and be fullenish, 'cause he looks for a power o' money. What o' that? He can't disinherit me, if it would save his soul, being as the estate's entailed. It's a good £2,000 a year, Miss, and I can make another on't wi' a wet finger. Now I understand you han't a power o' fortune, mayhap £10,000 or so; but when your uncle comes to see what a rich match you ha' got, who knows but he

he may unstring a bit, and so make Father gentle. What do you say, Miss?"

"I am very much obliged to you for your good-will, Mr. Thurl, and hope you'll not take it ill that I decline your offers."

"But why, Miss?"

"For a substantial reason, Sir; I don't like it."

"But why, Miss? Ben't I a proper man enough?"

"Not proper for me."

"But why, Miss?"

"I am not fond of being bargained for, like a horse."

"That's talking out o'th' way, Miss; I ben't a haggling for you, to get you as cheap I can."

"No—



"No—I am to buy you, it seems ; and the haggling is, how much I shall pay."

"There you be out again, Miss ; this is a Christian country ; and they be only your heathenish, outlandish people, like your Turks and your Spaniards, as buy men and women."

"Oh, Sir ! they are bought and sold in England common enough."

"Miss, it's swat against law."

"Many things against law are done in England."

"I know that, Miss ; but then they be liable : Put case, a man kills a hare upon another man's ground, or his own, that makes no difference, he's liable, without he's a hundred a year."

"A very wise, just law, Sir."

"Yes,

"Yes, there be few that beat it; for why should your inferiour people be put upon a footing with gentlefolks. By George, I wish it was five hundred instead of one; for of late years such a power of trades-people ha' gotten qualifications, it's a sight to see!"

"All the better, Sir."

"No, Miss, it's all the worse; for it only makes 'em proud and saucy, and nose we gentry up at races and quarter-fessions, and what not." Here the 'squire paused a little, as if struck by some consciousness; then resumed his discourse thus: "Not as I have much to say about your merchant-people, as get a power of money, and keep their coaches; but then where's their coat of arms, Miss? By George, they're forced to buy one spick and span new; and then money and ships is not like land: Land bides, when t'other mayhap are gone to bottom; and new families ben't like old: Old families are  
always

always looked on, though they may not ha' gotten titles. For my part, when Father dies, and he's six and fifty next birth-day, I'm minded to be made a knight on, and mayhap a lord ; for the king, they say, is pure good-natured, and will make you a lord of a 'squire for almost nothing ; so you'll come to be a lady, Miss."

" And what shall I be the better for it ? "

" Why you'll have precedence at church, and court, and balls."

" And what signifies it, Mr. Thurl, whether I go before such a gentlewoman, or after her ? I shall be no warmer for it, when the keen east wind blows ; and lady Kirkham would have the ague as well as Mrs. Thurl."

" But have not ladies more respect ? "

" And does it do the ladies any good ? I am vain enough as it is, Sir ; but not  
enough



enough to desire to nose up the antient gentry."

"Why, you ben't angry, Miss? Come, kifs and friends."

"Friends, without the kifs, Sir."

"Well, Miss, I purpose to come again next assembly; and then, I hope, you'll ha' thought better on't, and not be so coy and frumpish."

"Don't give yourself that trouble upon my account, Sir; my sentiments will not alter."

"Belike they may, Miss, when you ha' talked it o'er a bit with th' old folks. I must get away now, for sister stays on me, and Father will be mad, if we ben't home by dinner; so kifs and part.—Nay—by mass—I'll have a kifs at parting."—At dinner, I endeavoured to divert my uncle and aunt with the preceding dialogue.

My

My uncle, indeed, laughed heartily, but my aunt was not so much diverted as I expected.

“ And have you *really*, niece, says she, with great emphasis, have you *really* given a flat and peremptory denial to the son and heir of George Thurl, of Kirkham, Esq ?”

“ Yes, dear aunt, really.”

“ A little more deference to the opinion of your uncle and aunt, upon important occasions, would not misbecome you.”

“ I hope I shall never want a due deference to either.”

“ Alliances with rich and antient families ought not to be too lightly treated.”

“ True, dear aunt ; but love is an affair of the heart, and the heart ought to be first consulted.”

“ It

"It would be well for most young women, if the heart were more under the direction of the head."

"As thine has been, Rebecca, says my uncle ; but the consequence is not to the taste of women in general."

"If I am an old maid, brother —— ?"

"If, Rebecca ?"

"You are an old bachelor, and one's as good as the other."

"Yes, thank Heaven for its indulgence ; or I might have had a cargo that would not have paid prime cost, freight and insurance ; and if it had been musty, I could not have thrown it overboard."

"Men may be musty as well as women, brother ; and other people may have reason to thank Heaven for its indulgence as well as you."

"Meaning thyself, Rebecca."

"I



“ I like matrimony no more than you; but, God knows, for very different reasons.”

“ Yes—dear Rebecca—God and thee know—for very different reasons.”

Paulina—pay my best respects to your God-given Father and Mother; and if you will treat me highly, tell me of their words and works.

For the present adieu,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

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MISS EDWARDS,

T O

MISS LAMOUNDE.

*Box, November 2, 1787.*

**T**HERE is, my dear Miss Lamounde, something so inexpressibly sweet and dear to me in the friendship with which

which you honour me, that I endeavour in vain to find language to express it. Can this heart-felt pleasure be a necessary concomitant of friendship? No—for friendship would not then be the polite and lukewarm thing it usually is: Or, is it in my bosom a superior sensation, because it is enlivened by gratitude? Or, because it is unweakened by the common affinities of life? But I will rest contented with the feeling, without attempting the explanation, and proceed to thank you for the entertainment of your last. I hope the sequel will not be long delayed.

So retired a life as I lead, I am sure you do not expect to be entertained with *living* observations; but you have assigned me a task, which, indeed, I could execute for ever, if the uniform tenor of a good man's life could afford a constant supply.

You know, as well as I, the very extraordinary circumstance that gave me to Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, and the thanks I

owe

owe to Heaven for so fortunate an event. From this theme, therefore, I am precluded; and the life of my dear benefactors has been so uniform, and so unadapted to the present modes, that a description would scarcely convince many, even of the clergy, meek and lowly as they are, that happiness could be found in it. The day with Mr. Edwards is usually a series of hours, spent in curing the sick, in comforting the afflicted, and in relieving, as far as he is able to relieve, the wants of the necessitous. One anecdote, which happened about two years since, will be more descriptive of his turn of mind and peculiarity of thinking, than any other thing which occurs to my remembrance.

About the age of forty he had gone abroad, tutor to the son of Sir Everard Moreton, of Nottinghamshire. He was rewarded by the living of Box, in Cheshire, about £120 a year. After the old baronet's death a friendly, though not  
very



very frequent, correspondence was kept up betwixt the pupil and the tutor; but more than twenty years had elapsed since they had seen each other. One Saturday they were surpris'd by a visit from the baronet, who had come about twenty miles out of his way in a journey to Westmoreland. The equipage and servants were ordered to the inn, and Sir Everard took possession of an elbow chair in the parlour, with the friendship and familiarity of an old acquaintance. They dined, talked their travels over, and gave a mutual history of their courtships, which, I believe, is always an agreeable remembrance so long as men continue pleas'd with their wives. Long before they had exhausted their matter, a messenger came to inform Mr. Edwards that the folks had all met at the Globe, and waited for him. "Oh, dear!" says he, "I had quite forgot! Will you excuse me one hour, Sir Everard? It is to make up a difference betwixt one of my parishioners and a man of a neighbouring parish."

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I am sorry, but it's a pity they should lose their labour ; some come four miles."

" Don't make any apology, says Sir Everard."

" And pray come back by six at farthest, says Mrs. Edwards, for Jenny Langley comes then from Sifton to consult you about her case."—Mr. Edwards went, and returned at the time to tea, and Jenny Langley. Sir Everard stayed till Monday morning ; and I remember the heads of a conversation that passed the evening before.

" So I find, says Sir Everard, you are the lawyer and physician, as well as the divine, of Box."

" I know just enough of law, replies Mr. Edwards, to enable me sometimes to keep my parishioners out of it ; and of physic, to apply simple remedies to common disorders."

" And

“ And you preach as you prescribe? Your discourse to-day I thought admirably simple, plain, and practical.”

“ What can I do better, Sir Everard? My aim is to make my parishioners good husbands, good fathers, and good friends, not good propounders of mystery. It is true, they don't think me a very good preacher on this account; and now and then a straggler steals off to a neighbouring parish, to hear about election, reprobation, and grace; about the littleness of works, and the bigness of faith; about incarnation, atonement, with a long *et cetera*, all which I postpone explaining to my flock till I understand a little more of them myself.”

“ So you mingle not in the present disputes between the learned sectaries, and the learned orthodox.”

“ No; I read them when they fall in my way; admire the understandings of  
VOL. I. L the



the writers sometimes, and sometimes admire their weakness; lament the arrogance of some, pity the petulance of others, and believe they might be all better employed."

"I remember when you thought differently."

"Yes — I have some faint remembrance of a time when I thought I had learning, acuteness, penetration, and every good and fit quality for a polemic head; but my opinion of the real value of controversial divinity was not fixed, till I had experienced six successive changes of my own opinions — always from error to truth. At length I confessed, with a sigh, that these things are not of God."

"My good friend, I came to you, to know if the ideas I had formed in my youth were formed with judgment: I find them below your merit. I have a living vacant, worth about £250 a year; the parish large, and in a genteel neighbourhood; It is a donation too; so  
you

you are installed and inducted, without giving yourself any extraordinary trouble, by my presentation only."

"I return you my sincere thanks, Sir Everard, for your kindness, and rejoice to stand well in your opinion; but, I hope, I shall not incur your resentment if I decline this kind offer."

"No, certainly; but it's very odd. Oblige me with your reasons."

"My very good friend and patron, old age is coming fast on me. My habits are formed by my present situation, and for it. I have neither children nor near relations. My parish is small, but I manage it the better. My parishioners love me, at least I believe so: I have here health, peace and competence. In giving me a genteel neighbourhood, you give me pride and poverty; in giving me a larger parish, you give me contention. To me it would be a transfer from happiness to misery;

there are, to whom it would be an exchange of misery for happiness."

"Know you any such?"

"I do; but I beg pardon; you have your own connections. What have I to do to encroach upon your goodness?"

"I beg you will proceed."

"A neighbouring parish has a very fat rector, and a very lean curate. The latter, besides goodness, has learning and genius: He is a man of feeling too, and married, for mere love, a pretty young creature, with every merit, save that which doubles the value of all merit, money. This couple have now six children, and forty pounds a year: It is true, I allow them twenty out of my revenue; because, having upwards of ninety left, it would be a shame if I could not live as well upon that as they with sixty."

"Very



“ Very well, my friend, your curate shall be happy, if this living will make him so. I have now one thing more to propose, and, I hope, your obliging me will not diminish your own happiness, although it will add to mine. My only son is now in the eighteenth year of his age, three years since a most mild, ingenuous, and promising youth. At fourteen, he returned our parental with filial affection; approaching eighteen, he has changed it for the creeping, timid, unfriendly respect, which characterises those children who have learned their duty only by rote. The outward sign of a son remains, the inward grace is lost. Whether to attribute this solely to the influence of a large public school, I know not; but thither we sent him, and have received him back with other manners. It is highly probable a college would finish his education to our eternal regret. We wish you would take him two years under your care; for which, depend upon my gratitude.”

"It is impossible to refuse you, replies Mr. Edwards, otherwise the task is too important, and, perhaps, too difficult for my poor abilities."

Sir Everard answered politely, and became still more pressing, and Mr. Edwards sunk into a thoughtful mood. I was then about seventeen, something handsome you know, and it is probable I was the theme of this reverie; for when Mr. Edwards came out of it, he said, "Paulina, my dear, pray step to Mr. Brown's, and let him know a circumstance has happened, which will prevent my calling upon him before Tuesday."

What passed in my absence, I know not, the conversation had taken another turn. Early the next morning Sir Everard, having first made out a presentation, took his leave. It was two small miles to the village where Mr. Franks (the curate) lived, and the impatient Mr. Edwards would not stay for his breakfast: Mrs.  
Franks

Franks afterwards related to me what passed when he arrived at their house.

“ We were at breakfast, says she, Mr. Franks and myself, each with a child on our knees, eating and distributing to our four other little ones, out of a large bowl of excellent milk pottage. Well, Patriarch, says Mr. Edwards, with his usual familiarity, thou art in thy luxuries I perceive. Mrs. Franks, I come to breakfast with you ; can you add another noggin to the board ?”

“ You are the last man in the world, I think, answers I, who would eat my childrens bread out of their mouths. Besides, Sir, you are a divine of the church of England, and ought not to indulge in luxuries. You must be content with simple tea and bread and butter.”

“ Well—to be even with you—says Mr. Edwards, I will tell you a piece of bad news ; you are going to lose your curacy.”



"Now God in Heaven forbid, says Mr. Franks, for the sake of these little ones."

"Why, says Mr. Edwards, art thou so much in love with this palace, and this sumptuous living, thou canst not bear a change?"

"But the interval, Sir, says Mr. Franks, how calamitous may that be?"

"Thou art not righteous, sure, answered Mr. Edwards, or hast lost thy faith? Didst thou ever see the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread?"

"I fear I have, answered Mr. Franks; but are you certain, Sir? I have received no notice."

"Die thou in thy infidelity; I will convert thy wife."

I was pouring out the tea, when Mr. Edwards put a paper into my hand. As well

well as apprehension would permit, I began to read. The tea-pot fell from my hand, and broke its saucer. I read, and read again. A trembling seized me ; I rose, and threw myself about Mr. Franks's neck. He, trembling still more than myself, clasped me to his bosom, and said, Be comforted, my Emily, God is good, He is infinitely good, answered I ; do but see. Well, says my poor husband, don't afflict yourself thus. My dear, says I, kissing him, it is a presentation to a benefice. Well, says he, it is a cruel stroke ! but, for my sake, for your childrens sake, bear up against it ; God will provide for us. He has, he has, says I, read—it is a presentation. God's will be done, says my poor husband. Our kind friend here, says I, has prevailed on Sir Everard Moreton to give us a living. God's will be done, answers Mr. Franks.

Read, man, says Mr. Edwards : To some people the Lord giveth eyes to see, and they see not. He saw at length, how-

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ever, and he left them an hour after the happiest of human beings : Of young Moreton in my next.

Dear friend, adieu,

PAULINA EDWARDS.

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MISS LAMOUNDE,

T O

MISS EDWARDS.

*Liverpool, November 9, 1787.*

**T**HANK you, my dear Paulina, your letter has increased the veneration and respect I have long had for Mr. Edwards; and, I think, I wish no small good to the whole Christian world, in wishing all, who entered the sacerdotal profession, like him.

I must now write of characters more sublunary. On the evening of our next assembly,



assentably, I entered later than usual: 'Squire Havelley introduced his sister to me with a grace all his own. "Miss Lamounde, says he, this is sister that I told you about. By George, I thought you would not have come, and then I should ha' gone mad."

Miss Thurl was very polite. She told me my acquaintance, if she durst presume upon it, would give her inexpressible pleasure. I durst not answer, with all her engaging openness and freedom, and I saw she ascribed it to its true cause. I had taken the precaution to engage myself a partner, and, as the dances were going to begin, he came to take me into the set. The 'squire opened his mouth with very amazement. "Miss, says he, you ben't going to dance with any body else, be you?"

"You great oaf, says his sister in a whisper, how can you betray your ignorance in this manner?"

"I say then it's you be ignorant, sister. By George, I would not give a fig for e'er another in the room. Mayhap, Sir, addressing my partner, one may be as good as another to you, and I'd give a bottle of Champagne as freely as ——."

"You bribe high, Sir, replies the gentleman; but I value the honour of Miss Lamounde's hand at a still higher rate." Another insolent came to seize his sister, and the poor 'squire was left to console himself as well as he could. He left the assembly instantly. I had a slight cold, which dancing seemed to increase; early as eleven I made an apology to my partner, and to Miss Thurl, and, desiring my servant might be called, left the room; the distance between our house and which being small, I would not wait for a carriage. At the door we met 'squire Havelley entering, who happened at this unlucky instant, to have a more perfect use of his eyes than of his limbs. He knew me, and stooped up the door, waving  
like

like an inverted pendulum, with his hands in his pockets, and a mien that seemed to say, What care I? James, my servant, desired leave to pass. The language in which he answered, was almost unintelligible, but was intended to correct him for the insolent request. He made way, however, and I passed out. His design, I suppose, was to wait upon me home; but he was rather uncouth in the application of it. I fancy he perceived his inability to make himself understood by words, and was therefore reduced to the necessity of action. He tried to take my hand, which, if I had quietly surrendered, I might have saved a beautiful sprigged muslin apron, which went to tatters in the little scuffle. The rape of the hand succeeding so ill, his next attack was upon my waist. I eluded his grasp; and his future attempts were rendered unsuccessful by James, whom the 'squire, thist how he could, constantly found interposed betwixt himself and me.

The



The enraged 'squire jostled, kicked, and swore in vain. At length, his boisterous rudeness getting outrageous, James was under the necessity of using rougher means on his side, during which I got safe into the house. I had invited Miss Thurl to breakfast; she accepted the invitation, and came accordingly. She made many apologies for her brother, and told us, that he returned into the assembly-room soon after my departure, with his nose bloody, swearing revenge against you, young man (to James, who was waiting); and it is highly probable, if he has recollection, you will see him here soon; not, I fear, to make apology, but complaint.

I am always sorry, says James, for having given offence; but I cannot be sorry or ashamed for what I did last night.

Did not the bloody nose, young man, says Miss Thurl, indicate unnecessary violence?

Ma'am

Ma'am, replied James, I assure you he had it not from me. Though obliged to oppose the young gentleman, I was cautious in the manner; nor, though often struck at, did I ever return a blow.

I can believe you, says Miss Thurl, but fear my brother will not: I even think he will require that you shall ask his pardon, or demand your discharge.— James reddened, but was silent.

Gentlemen, says my uncle, are tenacious of their privileges, especially the privileges of superiority. If the alternative should be demanded, we ought to be prepared with an answer; and you, James, ought to instruct us to make it. Are you willing to perform your part of the alternative?

To be forced to ask pardon, says James, for doing what I ought to do, what I rejoice to have done, and what I would a thousand times do over again, I should  
 think

think hard, no doubt; but I am prepared to obey the orders of my mistress.

Then you consider yourself as her sole servant, Mr. James, says my uncle?

I understand myself to be more peculiarly Miss Lamonde's, Sir; though I do not suppose myself exempt from yours, or Mrs. Lamonde's, or desire to be so.

In this case, however, you claim an exemption, says my uncle.

I hope, Sir, says James, I shall never be under the disagreeable necessity of disputing your commands.

Suppose it to happen, says my uncle, in this case?

I cannot suppose it, Sir, says James, and beg you will permit me to avoid offence, by silence.

Your



Your silence will more offend me;  
pray speak, says my uncle.

My mistress, answers James, is the person originally injured; best feels the offence done to herself, and is the best judge how far my dutiful resentment exceeded the occasion.

But I, says my uncle, endeavouring to conceal a smile of pleasure, I, as master of the house, ought to be judge of the conduct of every servant in it. Now I may at least conclude, you do not value your place, by your estimating my authority so lightly.

Pardon me, Sir, replied James; I know its value well, and would do any thing to keep it, except a mean thing, or a dishonest one.

James had been serving during this little dialogue, and now left the room with a bow.—The company looked at one another.

another. Upon my word, says Miss Thurl, you may challenge England for a genteel footman. He is a very handsome young man, indeed, says Mrs. Rebecca, and vastly mindful and obliging. What strikes me most, says I, is his easy eloquence, the good sense of what he says, and the modest manner in which he says it. He is a phenomenon, said my uncle; I must observe him.

My uncle and aunt having withdrawn, Miss Thurl told me, obligingly, her inducement to this journey was very different from the desire of dancing at an assembly. It was to engage your friendship, Miss Lamoude, says she: My brother praised you without knowing how. Others who did know, agreed you were the most amiable young lady in Liverpool. I confess I am prompted by self love: I am not happy in the friendship of any young person of my own sex. I have lived principally in London, where we contract acquaintances, not friendships. Since my  
aunt's

aunt's death I have come to reside at Kirkham. The manners of our house are jovial, and even hospitable; but they are rude, and I endeavour to like them in vain. I learned to romp, and play at hot cockles. I have even carried my complaisance so far as to go a hunting. All will not do. I sigh for some more elegant, more refined, companion, and I hope I may have found her in Miss Lamounde.

I answered, that I must be the most insensible of human beings, not to meet so agreeable, so engaging, a proposal, with at least equal ardour. There was, indeed, a circumstance—I stopt.

I believe, says she, you mean my brother; but do not regard him, my dear Miss Lamounde: I engage to bring him to reason. You may suspect, my dear, it is with a view to facilitate his suit; I desire your friendship. No, upon my honour; my views are totally *self* interested.



rested. Were there hopes, he might prove a Cymon worthy such an Iphigenia, I should wish he might obtain her ; but I have no such hope. Not that my brother is quite the character he appears in your eyes at present : He has really no bad heart, is placable, and even capable of doing generous things. His misfortune has been an education too rustic for the age. James entered whilst we were talking, and beg'd to know if I had any commands to give him respecting Mr. Thurl, whom he saw approaching the house. I looked at Miss Thurl.

No, says she, no sacrifice whatever shall be made on my account.

I do not wish to see a spirit needlessly humbled, which has been so properly exerted. James made a grateful bow, and retired. Mr. Havelley Thurl soon after came in to us, attended by my uncle, who rung the bell for James. He entered immediately. James, says my uncle, do you know this gentleman ?

No,

No, Sir—James replied.

He has brought an action of battery against you by the name of Skipkennel, for assaulting him last night, and giving him a bloody nose ; guilty or not ?

Not guilty, Sir, answered James. There was, indeed, a drunken man, in blue and silver, rude to my mistress ; but he did not then look like a gentleman.

There now, says the 'squire, he pretends not to know me, because I was freshish, and had not the same cloaths on ; but, I assure you, it was me, and see what a nose I have got !

Brother, says Miss Thurl, pray let this affair drop ; it does you no honour.

Be you there, Mrs. Counsellor, says the 'squire ; you be always ready with your advice when nobody asks it. If such things are to be overlooked, servants will soon

soon be masters. I say he ought to be discharged.

I discharge you, says my uncle, gravely, for the future, from this gentleman's nose; and order you, upon pain of my displeasure, upon any similar provocation, not to advance higher than the shoulders.

I shall obey you, Sir, answered James. My uncle went out.

Shall you, you dog, says the 'squire? By George, but I'll horse-whip you soundly. James intercepted the whip in its passage, and wrested it out of the 'squire's hands. Miss Thurl was surprised when, instead of applying it offensively as she had expected, James returned it to the 'squire with a respectful bow.

I'll box thee for a guinea, says the 'squire.

I don't box, Sir, replied James; and, making another bow, retired.

Brother,



Brother, says Miss Thurl, how I blush for you !

Blush for yourself, replies the 'squire. I wonder you ben't ashamed to stand by, and see me used like a scrub ; and to see how spiteful th' old fellow was !

But for your rude behaviour, brother, I was in hopes to have engaged Miss Lamounde to have spent some time with us at Kirkham ; but what pleasure can she expect ?

'I'll be as gentle as a lamb, says the 'squire ; I won't speak a miss word. Why you know, sister, I'm pure good-natured, only I was provoked, and so a little out of myself like ; but if Miss will come, I'll be hanged if I won't be as good-humoured as ever I was born.

I promised the visit upon this assurance, and Miss Thurl and the 'squire took leave.

Don't

240 JAMES WALLACE.

Don't you think her very engaging,  
Paulina? But I have not yet paid the  
visit; when I do, you shall hear more.

In the mean time I am,

My Paulina's assured friend,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

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PARACELSUS HOLMAN,

T O

JAMES WALLACE.

*Allington, Nov. 17, 1787.*

SINCE I have had the pleasure of  
seeing you in Liverpool, dear Wal-  
lace, and have pondered duly upon your  
words and works, my diaphragm has been  
superabundantly agitated; and to this  
hour it is apt to be convulsed, when I  
think of the deeds of *wise* men. My re-  
flections on this head have given rise to  
an

an abstruse and recondite question. Has there been, since the creation of this planet, one—one of the sons or daughters of men, actuated by wisdom *solely* in any single action of his life?

To answer this question, every man will naturally look into his own breast, and if, upon true chemical investigation, he finds reason to believe, he himself never could obtain wisdom pure, but always soiled or stained by some base earthy mixture; he will the less hesitate to answer—no—as I do.

As the solution is of some importance, I beg to recommend it to your serious consideration, James Wallace; and, because to examine oneself is a nice and difficult operation, I will submit to thy remembrance a few heads, by way of guide posts in a dark and cheerless way.

To beat sense into brainless skulls. To  
fling away a casket full of love and money,

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M

because



because thou didst not like the make of it. To administer law upon *unlawful* principles. To get into jail for chastity's sake, and out, for the sake of—slavery. Finally, to run into servitude, with all the freedom of antient Greece and Rome in thy head : These are thy deeds, James Wallace ; and which of them canst thou accuse wisdom of having planned, contrived and executed ?

Thou art a cleaver fellow, notwithstanding, and never wantest a wise reason for doing a foolish thing : This wise reason at present, is a certain exquisite happiness thou findest in the service of Miss Lamounde ; and so few have been the situations which have yielded thee any happiness at all, it would be the silliest of all silly things to part with it—upon contingency.

But how comes it to pass, James Wallace, that thy woofs and warfs have produced thee fabrics of so flimsy a contexture,

ture, that *any acid* would destroy them? Had there been any tolerable portion of wisdom, either in the raw material, or in the manufacture, could this have happened?

Miss Lamoude is so good, so sweet, so gentle—yes, James Wallace—she is, or will be, all amiable, all accomplished; all the virtues, all the beauties of her sex, will shortly be her sole and exclusive property: And what then, James? Oh! it will be exquisite happiness to——walk behind her.

That a man should chuse to live on moon-shine all the days of his youth!

Having taken the trouble to confess thy sins, Wallace, have the goodness to attend whilst I confess my own.

Molly Sleith, the baker's daughter, was, if you remember, a fair maiden of fifteen, when you left Allington, six years ago. At sixteen, Molly took a liking to

tobacco-pipes, which, not digesting well, gave her a sickly hue, and a strong disposition to ease. My Father battered her four years with all the emmenagogues in the materia medica. At length, out of pure pity, I undertook her myself; my labours were successful, and Molly became a perfect woman. Ever since she has conceived herself a very proper object for matrimony, and has made me a great many propositions to this purpose, which I have hitherto declined out of mere modesty, as, all things considered, I did not think I deserved such a treasure for life. Molly, however, has a greater opinion of my merit; and the evening I returned from Liverpool, renewed the proposition with great vivacity; still I could not conquer the opinion of my own unworthiness. No woman likes an excess of modesty in man. Miss Sleith grew angry, and at length told me, in terms perfectly intelligible, I should have her either for a wife or a Mother.

Now,



JAMES WALLACE. 245

Now, James Wallace, search the Canonists. I am a miserable sinner in *foro conscientiae*, if I let my Father marry my — patient ; and if I do not, as gentlemen, when they approach their grand climacteric, love to dotage, if they love at all, off at once fly all my Father's little felicities, which, ever since the death of my Mother, I find he has treasured up in the arms of Molly ; and Molly is betrayed too, for the which I shall be broiled in the court of Cupid.

Had I but a Father that — Oh ! but they are naughty boys that tell tales of their Fathers. Adieu.

Comfort me, dear James, if thou can'st.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

On second thoughts, I have no profound opinion of thy Jesuitical abilities ; besides, I have determined. I had rather you would pay me the anecdotes of the Lamounde family, as you promised.

M 3

JAMES

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JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

*Liverpool, Nov. 24, 1787.*

YOU have taken very great and very unnecessary pains to prove me a weak and silly fellow. My good friend, did I ever deny it? It may be in consequence of this unmaternity of brain that I have got into so many distressing situations; but you feel at present that the greatest solidity of head will not always keep a man out of them: So far, Paracelsus, I find myself your superior, that I owe my embarrassments to nothing foolish than folly; but crimes and misdemeanors, Holman, are of a browner complexion, draw mankind into labyrinths, and give him the delightful prerogative of self-reproach. If thou hast any how  
obtained

obtained this prerogative, Holman, *much good may it do thee* ; I advise thee, without a fee, *to make the most of it.*

You desire a little history of the Lamounde family, which you suppose to be foreign by the name ; it is so. When the duke of Alva was so illustriously employed in chopping down Flemish heretics, for the pure love of God, and glory of Philip the second, Peter Lamounde, a weaver by trade, and Huguenot by religion, preferring life to martyrdom, gathered together his wealth and his implements, and, leaving the crown of glory to others, settled, I believe, at Kendal.

What became of him, and of his immediate successors, oral tradition, the sole preserver of the records of ignoble families, sayeth not : Probably they died, and were buried. Be this as it may, in the beginning of the present century, Paul Lamounde was a merchant of some consequence at Liverpool.



No longer a Huguenot, but a sound Presbyterian ; Paul, the merchant, was a man of strict justice, equally rigid in œconomy and religion, and knew the full value of faith, justification, *ten per cent.* and grace.

St. Paul, the Apostle, said, let all you do, be done to some one great end. The merchant obeyed the precept, and married Miss Clarkson with £10,000, at that time a fortune of some note.

This lady had as lively, but not so saving, a faith as Paul ; and this created, amongst other matrimonial disputes, one that seemed eternal and unfathomable, the proper use of money. The proper use of money, in Paul's opinion, was to save it. In the lady's, it was to increase life's comforts, its conveniencies, and its pleasures. Paul, shrunk with horror from the idea of all worldly vanities, especially those which cost money, and maintained, with great firmness, that the only way to  
Heaven

Heaven was by the scaling ladder of mortification.

Death, the only power that could, at length ended the contest. Mr. Lamonde was a long time inconsolable for the loss of his lady; for in the holy state of matrimony, love and discord have affinities, for which no chemist has yet accounted. After a time, when he had duly considered that all must die, and that the Lord sendeth afflictions to the righteous, he began to feel the return of peace; and, at the end of a year, upon inspection of a certain account in his ledger, called by merchants the account of balance, he perceived it was impious to arraign the will of Heaven, and ingrateful to repine at its decrees.

Mrs. Lamonde left issue Paul, James, and Rebecca; and to educate them virtuously and frugally, was now the Father's first or second care. He had a sister, Esther, who had been indiscreet in her youth. She had stayed out of the fold,

and had married, for pure love, a poor church curate, whose wealth lay where no thieves could break through or steal. Esther's fortune depended on her brother, who thought an established hierarchy an abomination in the land, and could not be prevailed upon to support it. The curate had married with far different hopes; he found that woman, *quasi* woman, was no great acquisition to a poor man. Add to this, the only patron from whom he expected preferment was dead; the conjunction of circumstances was too much for him. He drank, and died.

Upon this event, Esther became destitute; but before she was starved to death, Paul's heart relented, and opened itself to the dictates of generosity. He allowed her ten pounds per annum, which, by the help of a day-school, and having no children to maintain, afforded her as many of the good things of this world, as enabled her to perform several functions of a living body.

The



The death of Mrs. Lamounde restored this sister to some share of her brother's lost affection. He recalled her, and made her at once housekeeper and preceptress, which double duty she performed with great œconomy and affection. As the children grew up, however, an increase of expence became unavoidable; and Paul, who would consider no account but that of balance, and was a tolerable master of grumbling eloquence, did not permit his sister to live in perfect ease and tranquility.

Sometimes, indeed, when fretted beyond her ordinary patience, she would rise to eloquence, even superior to his own. "Brother Paul, a body had better be in one's grave, than harrassed up, and harrassed down, scolded here, and maundered there, and make and mend, and all for nothing ! God has given you plenty, Brother, and what does it signify ? you do nothing but hoard and hoard, and cask and care. Here is James's coat twice

M. 6 turned,

turned, Paul's is patched at both elbows, and Rebecca has hardly a cap to her head; their book-learning has not cost you a farthing, and yet there's no giving content:" But avarice itself could scarcely be blind to the necessity of some better education, especially when Mr. Clarkson, the maternal uncle, undertook to shew his brother Lamoude his error. "Send your eldest son, says he, to the academy to learn accounts well; let James go to the Latin school; a little learning in a family is not amiss. As for Beck, she's as well where she is; the less girls learn, the better."

This, often repeated, and by a rich man too, could not fail of its proper effect; so the children were disposed of according to Mr. Clarkson's directions.

For the present,

Dear Holman, adieu.

JAMES WALLACE.

TO

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TO THE SAME,  
IN CONTINUATION.

*Liverpool, Nov. 30, 1787.*

SOME children take after the Father, and some after the Mother, and man seeketh the cause in vain : The effect, however, was plain to all the young and old ladies in Liverpool. James, at sixteen, was a sweet youth, and very attentive to their favours. Paul, a year older, was rude, uncouth, not much addicted to the arts of politeness, and thought women mere mortal beings in petticoats. In the accompting-house, Paul would do as much business in one day as James in two ; yet, upon pressing occasions, and in some humours, James would get as far in one hour as Paul in three.

This diversity kept the balance of affection wavering\* in the old gentleman's mind.



mind. Solid parts, and sober application, inclined it to Paul. Perfect good-humour, and quickness of comprehension, brought it back to James; but in the course of six years Paul obtained the ascendant decidedly. His cloaths cost less, and he saved his pocket-money. James was lavish of shillings, and did not appear to set a proper value even upon crowns. Often admonished, he was still incorrigible; and once at a tavern, where his share of the reckoning came to the enormous sum of nineteen shillings and six-pence, he threw down a guinea, and bid the waiter pocket the change. This anecdote coming to the ears of his Father, was decisive of his character. The old gentleman immediately made, or altered, his will, and bequeathed his effects to Paul, James and Rebecca, in the respective proportions of three, two and one.

Whatsoever Mr. James Lamoude might think of this unequal dispensation, he had too much spirit, and too much contempt

contempt for mere money, to complain, and too much good sense to suffer it to alter his affection for his brother. Miss Rebecca was not quite so passive; she was unable to comprehend the reason for this difference: Daughters were the gift of God as well as sons, and, in her judgment, to the full as deserving.

But though the brothers were thus apparently of different and uncorresponding characters, they had, in the more essential qualities that dignify man, much resemblance. Had they been candidates for the palm of justice, of good faith, or of integrity, I know not to which it could have been given in preference. Their manner, rather than their morals, were unlike. The youngest was gentle in his demeanor, mild in speech, caressing and polite. The eldest seldom encumbered himself with ceremony, but went directly to the point, the nearest and most obvious road. If James had more benevolence, Paul's was more corrected by wisdom; and

and if Paul had learned to give but little, James had learned to give with little discretion. Each had a taste for books, but this taste was dissimilar. Paul regarded those only which gave him information, and would sometimes call Malachy Postlethwaite, the Whole Duty of Man.

Yes, would answer James, it is the Whole Duty of Man, to buy and sell; but man has other duties: He has to acquire the virtues which dignify his nature; an universal benevolence; affections which form the happiness of social beings, and a justice that rises, and looks down upon the laws.

The justice that soars above the laws, would Paul answer, is romance. Universal benevolence is romance; and the affections you talk of, meaning, I suppose, the altitudes of love and friendship, the greatest romance of all.



Ten years the two brothers continued the trade in partnership, and lived in the same house together without any event that interrupted their mutual harmony. The household was under the care of Miss Rebecca, who conducted it so well, that the brothers could have no cause but love to impel them into matrimony, and this cause had not yet existed. Not that Liverpool had not its beauties as well as other places; but Messieurs Lamounde had fallen into an irregular and unjustifiable mode of reasoning upon the subject. When I marry, says Paul, I will have a wife that shall stay at home without compulsion, and who will make domestic duties her first care. Now in the fair ones of Liverpool, there appeared no pre-disposition to this. When I marry, says James, my wife shall be capable of looking upon men and things with an eye of discrimination, and that eye shall be her own. The fair ones of Liverpool had no eyes of their own; they saw only with those of fashion: Not that they were without

without the laudable vanity of desiring admiration and applause; but, like Francis Quarles, of emblematic memory, they were content to derive them from beauties, not their own.

It is common enough to be in raptures with the charming chintz, or the sweet lace, that adorn the fair; but the fair who wears it will not rest it there. With a delicious self-complaisance, they transfer this sweet and charming from the proper objects to their own dear persons, which, I presume, can have no title to such epithets from such a claim. Now this, says Paul, is a little piddling, unprofitable vanity, that leads a woman in the pursuit of it to no one good thing: It marks, says James, a confusion of intellect that threatens to spread disorder through the whole intellectual system; and a woman may be absurd enough to be vain, because she has more shining tongs and pokers than her neighbours. The thing happens every day, says Paul: But love, the end  
of

of all, will come, when it will come. A Mrs. Pennington arrived at Liverpool from Jamaica, where she had been left a widow, and which she was forced to leave by a long and painful disorder, to which the climate was unfavourable. The business of her plantation required a connexion with some merchant of known integrity, and she got recommended to Messrs. Lamounde.

It is not, however, of Mrs. Pennington I am to speak, but of her daughter, who came to exhibit to the wondering eyes of Liverpool, a character said to be once frequent in the island. In this young lady, all the vanities of the sex yielded to duty and to filial affection. Miss Pennington appeared to have no inclinations that were not directed to her Mother; no solicitude but for that Mother's life. She bore confinement without regret, and all the offices of a nurse without disgust. Even the peevishness which naturally attends infirmity, never drew from Miss Pennington



Pennington the least asperity of look or language. To the last hour of her Mother's life she persevered in the same unremitting attention, with a still increasing grief the more difficult to be borne, as it became more necessary to conceal it.

Mrs. Pennington died, in about eight months after her arrival, a period in which a very intimate friendship, or one that seemed so, was formed between Miss Pennington and Miss Lamoude.—This was to be supported by an annual visit and constant epistolary correspondence; for Miss Pennington's future residence was to be at York with an aunt.—

It was not till some days after her departure, that Paul and James Lamoude perceived that any thing ailed them. They eat less than usual, and drank more; sighed often, and seemed buried in thought. Answered interrogations peevishly sometimes, and wide of the purpose; and once or twice wrote "for Leonora, Torismond."

Plain

Plain as these symptoms were, it was left to the sagacity of Miss Lamounde to discover the disease, to which they belonged: She also pointed out the cure; a specific of acknowledged powers, which would not only cure the person who took it, but probably the person who did not. Which should take it, since both could not, became a point of more serious debate than any they had yet experienced. Paul's plea of seniority was laughed at by Miss Lamounde, and spurned at by James. After thirty quarrels and reconciliations, they agreed to the arbitration of Miss Lamounde, who settled it by directing the lovers to make their appeal to the lady. Paul's first essay was the following:

Madam,

Sincerity does not want the aid of fine expression. Ever since you left Liverpool I have found myself unhappy. There was a time, I thought, I should never marry, because I despaired of finding a  
wife

wife to my taste. You are exactly she. I suppose I ought to say a great deal to convince you of my affection, but to what purpose? Don't I give the fullest proof of it when I desire you for a wife? You have too much good sense to mind fine speeches. The plain truth is I love you, and desire to make you happy, and be happy myself. What can a man say more? As to settlements, they shall be fully equal to your fortune. This is all the needful, and to write more would be only to waste your time and my own. Hoping to be favoured with your kind answer, I am, Madam, with the greatest esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Liverpool,  
Dec. 6, 1787.

PAUL LAMOUNDE.

JAMES WROTE THUS:

Dear Madam,

I am sensible an address of the kind I am now daring to make, ought to have been



been preceded by attentions which should have left no doubt of the affection for which it solicits a reward ; but, whilst I saw you, I was attentive only to the pleasure of seeing you, without reflecting, indeed, without knowing how dear it would cost me to be deprived of that pleasure. Did Miss Pennington but know what was that sickness of the heart, which has been a part of my daily portion since I saw her no more, I should be certain of pity from her goodness, although she should be cruel enough to deprive me of the sweet hope of her affection.

To make a first declaration of this tender nature by letter, is, indeed, an uncouth, unconciliating mode, but circumstances render it necessary. My honest brother has conceived the same opinion of your merit as myself ; but, as he has not much cultivated an acquaintance with your sex, he depends for success, more upon the conscious integrity of his own feelings, than upon the delicate forms in-

stituted

stituted by love and politeness. In order that we may still be brothers, we have agreed to coincide in the steps we take to procure our happiness : Essential, therefore, as you are to mine, I dare not give full expression to my feelings, lest I should seem to injure a brother. I tremble to request an answer, lest it should be unfavourable to my hopes.

I am, Madam (how much it is impossible to express)

Your most obedient servant,

JAMES LAMOUNDE.

Miss Pennington answered these letters with great politeness, thanking both the brothers for the great honour they did her ; but expressing a strong disinclination to the married state, and hoping she should still stand well in their good opinion, although obliged to decline their address. The lovers understood the repulse *au pied du lettre*, and disposed themselves to sighs and obedience. Miss Lamounde knew better;

better; she had promised Miss Pennington an early visit at York. At the same time the brothers remembered that they had long desired to see that antient city, and they would be their sister's escort. The gentlemen took up their abode at an inn, from whence they made their excursions. They had several times the pleasure of drinking tea with Miss Pennington, who still retained her cruelty, and sent them away in despair: Miss Lamounde stayed some time.

Before the ladies parted, Miss Pennington, under entire confidence, disclosed to her dearest friend the secrets of her heart. She must own she felt a partiality for Mr. James Lamounde, he was so extremely sensible and polite. Mr. Paul was a very good sort of gentleman too, but had not that tenderness of nature she should wish in an husband: However, as they had both done her the honour to think well of her, she would not offend either by a preference to the other, nor be the



cause of interrupting the concord of two such brothers. All that Miss Lamoude, therefore, had to do upon her return, was to persuade one brother to decline, and the other to prosecute his suit; and this arduous task was to be performed without the least breach of that delicate confidence Miss Pennington had reposed in her. Whether Miss Lamoude was immaculate in this particular, my record (the old nurse of the family, a treasury of biographical anecdote) doth not say; but it is certain, in due time, she brought the matter to its due conclusion, and James was the happiest of men.

Paul displayed abundant fortitude upon the occasion, and swore the whole sex was not worth his little Juno. The little Juno was, indeed, deservedly a favourite, for she had made six West-Indian voyages, and never sprang a leak. The family concord was not to be interrupted, whosoever proved the happy man. It was an express stipulation: However,  
Paul,

Paul, not finding himself so much at his ease as usual in the same house, chose another, and complimented his sister with the superintendency of his household.

Paul's tranquility was still imperfect, and to insure it, he found plausible pretensions to dissolve the partnership; after which a regular progress of discontent ensued, which got as far as a genteel coolness; but as to perfect hatred or contempt, they were not able to arrive at any considerable degree of either, even by the help of a general election, in which they took different sides.

Small circumstances decide the fate of empires. When things had been in this state a few years, an accident happened, which restored the family harmony, never more to be broke, or interrupted. Mens minds were still in a ferment, which the late election had occasioned, when Mr. James Lamoude supped at a tavern with several gentlemen of his own party One

of these, knowing the coolness subsisting between the brothers, began to inveigh against the opposite faction, and instanced a shameless piece of conduct, at the head of which he very politely put Mr. Paul Lamoude. James blushed the blush of anger. Sir, says he, my brother is incapable of acting a dishonourable part on this, or any occasion. If your charge is no more true respecting others, than it is respecting him, let it drop for ever; it will not be believed.

The gentleman, provoked to find opposition where he expected applause, doubled his opprobriums. The quarrel became violent. On the morrow they met, like gentlemen. One got a ball lodged in the thigh, the other lost a small collop from his right cheek. The seconds interposed, and they parted, like people who had done the business they came about, much to each other's satisfaction.

This



This news was communicated to Mr. Paul Lamounde by a gentleman present at the original quarrel. Against his will, Paul's legs carried him to his brother's house. The surgeon was dressing his wound. Brother James, says Paul, with no very firm voice, I, I, I thank you.—It was kind—very kind—after—Brother Paul, says James, looking kindly at him with the tears springing to his eyes, it was just. Could you, brother, have borne to have heard me accused of dishonour? Me—whose integrity you knew. No—no—no—replies Paul, taking James's hand. Mrs. Lamounde sprung upon Paul's neck, and kissed him. The surgeon ran; discord ran after him, and the door was shut against her for ever.

In due time, Mrs. Lamounde had given the most affectionate of husbands and fathers six lovely children; nor would it be easy to find a family with more earthly happiness in possession, were earthly happiness of tolerable stability. Four

successive years robbed the exulting parents of as many of their offspring. So tender a Mother could not sustain these shocks without injury to a frame as delicate as beautiful ; she fell into a gradual decline, and died almost without disease. James and Judith, the only surviving children, were of an age capable of feeling the severity of their loss ; even Paul forgot his stoic boast of viewing sublunary events with indifference.

The grief of the husband and the father, it suits not my languid pen to describe. Business became disagreeable to him, and he relinquished it. A slow, nervous fever, or something so called, seized him. Medicines were useless, and change of climate was soon the only prescription left the physicians. He went to Jamaica, where he had plantations in right of Mrs. Lamoude. At the end of three years he returned home with an incurable atrophy, and lingering one year more, left his griefs and the world together.

Upon

Upon his death-bed he addressed his son and daughter thus: "I leave you, my dear children, with less regret, because I have given you a virtuous education, and have lived to see the fruits of it proper to your years. Yours, my dear James, has been so mixed, that you have learning enough to rank with gentlemen, and the proper elements of mercantile knowledge. With regard to your future avocation I leave you free; you may be a gentleman with an independent fortune. I should rather advise you to be a merchant, and increase it; but do not regard the gain of the profession as your sole inducement. You are affluent; every day presents a benevolent merchant opportunity to benefit some worthy man. Do not withhold the loan from the unfortunate, nor suffer merit to sink under distress. Judge with impartiality, yourself as well as others. You have the proper virtues of youth, its frankness, candour, its generosity. You have its peculiar foibles also, its fire, its impetuosity,



its rapid conclusions, its precipitate judgments. — Your present temperament uncorrected, your friendship will be enthusiasm, your generosity profusion. — Excuse me—it is against your faults only; a Father's last admonitions can be directed with any effect.

“ The young women of the present age, my dear Judith, are said to be less respectable than their grand-mothers : I hope the charge may be too generally made. As far as it is true, to what can it be attributed but to the early occupation of their minds in trifles. Vain-mothers, always attentive to outward forms, turn the first bias of their childrens minds to dress, and dress becomes a passion : I do not call it a vice ; but it is a weakness, and often attended with most pernicious effects. Society has a claim upon us for a decent attention to this goddess of vanity, but not for adoration. Every young lady, with temperate judgment, will draw the line for herself with propriety.

propriety. Fortune determines, or ought to determine it, for those who have not superabundance ; good sense for those who have.

“ But my chief apprehensions, on your account, my dear Judith, arise from your sensibility. Gentle tempered, and disposed to affection, you are now at that time of life, when this disposition is directed by nature to the amiable of the opposite sex. It is peculiarly incumbent upon you to guard against mistakes of the heart: Make it a habit to examine the source of your sensations, especially of the tender kind ; are they excited by beauty of person, of dress, or address ? These are trifling causes, and never act, except for an instant, but upon trifling minds. Your favourite poet has said every thing in two lines :——

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;  
The rest is all but leather—or prunella.

Thus My dear Judith—Worth makes the man.”

I weary you, dear Holman, as I have wearied myself; but I have so little more to communicate, that I chuse to finish in this letter.

Mr. James Lamounde, at his Father's death, had just entered his twenty-first year, consequently was a minor till the end of it, and under the guardianship of his uncle. This short reign, Mr. Paul used, in his way, to give his nephew the best possible advice; but this way was not so mild and delicate as people, especially young people, require, when advice is given unasked. Amidst a number of small contests, one reared its head aloft, and demanded to be settled. This was Mr. James's avocation. From the turn this celebrated dispute sometimes took, there was an appearance that Mr. James had not the least objection to the life of a gentleman; and as Miss Judith supported her brother's arguments, the uncle concluded she was much disposed to live the life of a lady.

" All



“ All the collected wisdom of ages, says Paul one day, and delivered by an oracle, would never be able to convince a young blockhead he was not wiser than his Father, or a Miss of nineteen, she was not as sensible as angelic. Nothing will satisfy this fool now, but to lounge his life away. Instead of conversing with his pen, with the sensible and intelligent inhabitants of every commercial country in the universe, he chuses to be a ——— blank ; to spend his mornings under the hands of his hair-dresser, and his hours of thinking, if he has any, in contriving what party of *bon vivants*, gamesters, or *filles de joie*, he shall honour with the joyous hours of night.

“ Pretty young ladies have their morning employments also ; they have heads to take care of, and humours to discharge upon humble Abigails, that their evenings may be perfectly good-humoured and serene. I have lived to see astonishing improvements ; Misses educated to no

one useful purpose in life, and calling inanity accomplishment. The proper duties of a woman are to breed, to spin, and make puddings."

"Brother, says Mrs. Rebecca, there is really no end nor measure in your vulgar ideas ; as if people of fortune ought to be subject to the drudgeries of people of no fortune. To be sure it would be better if young people would not trick themselves out so much ; and if they would pay a little more deference to their elders and betters, and not be so vain of their beauty, they might be more obliging sometimes, and not run to their harpsichords, and play-books, if one asked them to a pool at quadrille."

"True, Beck, answers Paul ; come, draw thy own picture, and set it up for all good young women to copy after."

"I want no such thing, brother ; but I say again and again, my niece would not be the worse, if ———."

"She

“ She was like thee—But what says the looking-glass, Rebecca ?”—This is a specimen of Paul’s manner, and of Madame la Sœur. — Miss Lamoude was usually silent.

At length James determined more by his dying Father’s advice than by his uncle’s Philippics, resolved upon becoming a merchant ; but, as he was yet young, he wished to have two years to look about him before he settled for life.

“ And what wouldst thou look at James ?”

“ At men, manners and commerce. I would visit first every part of my own country, and make one excursion abroad.”

“ The first design, answers Paul, is a good one ; the second, as it may turn out. However, if a young man did not mingle some folly with his wisdom, he would not be a young man.”

“ No—



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"No—nor an old one neither," adds Madam Lamounde, by which respectable title I design, in future, to distinguish this lady from Miss Lamounde.

"And so, says Paul, since thou resolvest one day to be a man, I will give thee credit for virtues yet to come, and try to believe thee the son of thy Father.

Make thy comments, dear Holman,

And so farewell,

JAMES WALLACE,

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MR. JAMES LAMOUNDE,

T O

MISS JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

*Paris, Dec. 13, 1787.*

**I** AM now, my dear sister, going to make the amende honourable; my conscience reproves me. Absent two months,

months, and but one short letter ! I could, indeed, make excuses, but it is better to make reparation. When I got on board the packet at Dover, I found in the principal cabin a youth about twenty, with a pretty face, and genteel figure ; but whose brow wore the undissembled marks of fullness and discontent, accompanied by a grave, elderly gentleman in black, of no prepossessing physiognomy.—We paid our mutual compliments; a silence of a minute or two ensued, and the reverend Mr. Hilliard (such I found afterwards was his name) took the opportunity to go on with a lecture, which my entrance seemed to have interrupted.

“ As I was saying, Mr. Moreton, chastisements, whether coming from our earthly, or our heavenly parent, are inflicted from pure love, *pro salute animæ* ; and certainly, nothing can more demonstrate the affection of a parent than ——.”

“ Whipping his son with scorpions,” answered the youth.

“ No,

“ No, Sir, not so, continued the tutor ; neither is there any verisimilitude between a whip of scorpions and a tour through France and Italy : For, firstly, the tour is a most pleasant thing to youth, and peradventure this gentleman.—Sir, may I crave your name ?”

“ Lamounde, at your service.”

“ Perhaps, I say, Mr. Lamounde himself is going the same tour, merely for the abundance of delight he expecteth therein.”

“ But I go, says Mr. Moreton, expecting the ten plagues of Egypt !”

“ Mr. Moreton, replies the grave gentleman, amongst other things given me in charge by your wise and provident Father, one was ——.”

“ To kill his son with—wisdom !”

“ Wisdom



“Wisdom killeth not, rather it preserveth life; but, as I was saying, one part of my duty is to instruct you in elegance and propriety of speech, to the end you may one day shine in the assembled senate. Now one of the most palpable improprieties of speech is the abuse of metaphor. The ten plagues of Egypt, as you have now employed them, is merely metaphorical, but wanteth the proper requisites; for although, as a man, you may be covered with boils, or invaded by lice, you are not a river to be turned into blood; neither are you a bull to be afflicted with murrain. You ——.”

“No—no—says Moreton, striding out of the cabin to go upon deck, no—I am a spaniel to be kicked; an ass to be beaten with stripes.”

The tutor shook his head. “Sir, says he, this is the son and heir of Sir Everard Moreton, at whose instigation, but more especially at his lady’s, I have undertaken

to accompany this young man in quality of tutor, to cure him of his follies, to return him wise and temperate. Think you not, Sir, I have a difficult task?"

"If you have undertaken to cure folly by remonstrance, I think you have!"

"I profess, good Mr. Lamoune, I know not any other means. Remonstrance, *remonstratio*—is the setting forth and repeating of truth: It infoldeth advice, caution, discretion, and it complaineth of error and mistake: But the young men of the present age, I am sorry to observe, laugh at admonition; they despise the wisdom that proceedeth from experience: Not so the Roman youth."

I attended patiently about half an hour to the excellent qualities of the Roman youth, when Moreton re-entered the cabin with a face as white as a sheet. The tutor, who thought it his duty to administer comfort as well as admonition, began to give

us an explanation of the nature of seasickness, which was nothing more than a sort of unequal distribution of the nervous fluid, whereby the sensorium was disordered, and the stomach was afflicted by sympathy.

“ Now sympathy, says he, though an occult quality—may be—reasoned—upon—I protest—I can’t see—sympathy—I say—*ben, quanta vertigo!* ”

The reverend Mr. Hilliard became now so occupied by sense, as to be no longer capable of intellect; and, indeed, we all sympathised, more or less, till our arrival at Calais. Monsieur Dessen paid us his immediate respects, and requested we would honour him with permission to offer us suitable refreshments after the fatigue and terror of the voyage, assuring us, every thing in France was at our service. On his retiring, Mr. Hilliard amused himself with a bitter philippic on French complaisance, informing us, that  
it



it was venal, and aimed solely at our purses. At supper, however, he threw off his chagrin, feasted clerically, found the wine tolerable, and cracked jokes with great success. My ever-respected Father, you know, recommended Scipio to my particular kindness; and the good creature deserves it both for his solid sense, and his undoubted attachment to me. I make it a rule to inform myself of Scipio's opinions upon most occurrences, am always entertained, and sometimes instructed.

"How, Scipio, says I, undressing for bed, do you like Calais?"

"Me like, Sir—me no like. Me find a de poor black woman, of Angola, in de kitchen; me did get her into corner to cry. De fat cook came, and beat poor Betty. Me swear, de good God forgive me; me going to beat de fat cook. She raise cry big as six Liverpool fish-women. Hundred monkeys come, and make a de great loud de chatters. Don Philip servant,





